

adventures into

THE UNKNOWN!

FALL IND
ISSUE

10¢



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TO OUR READERS

SUPERSTITION IS IGNORANCE. IT'S A PART OF THE DARK AGES FROM WHICH MAN EMERGED CENTURIES AGO. BUT GREAT CLASSICAL AUTHORS SUCH AS EDGAR ALLAN POE, HORACE WALPOLE AND MANY OTHERS HAVE DONE MUCH TO KEEP ALIVE THE TRADITION OF THE "GHOST" STORY ... AND TO THIS DAY, TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN STILL GRIP OUR IMAGINATIONS! THIS DESPITE THE FACT THAT THERE ARE **NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!** THERE NEVER WERE ... THERE NEVER WILL BE! YET, SINCE STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL WILL LIVE FOREVER, WE INVITE YOU TO ENJOY THE FOLLOWING

"Adventures into ...
THE UNKNOWN!"

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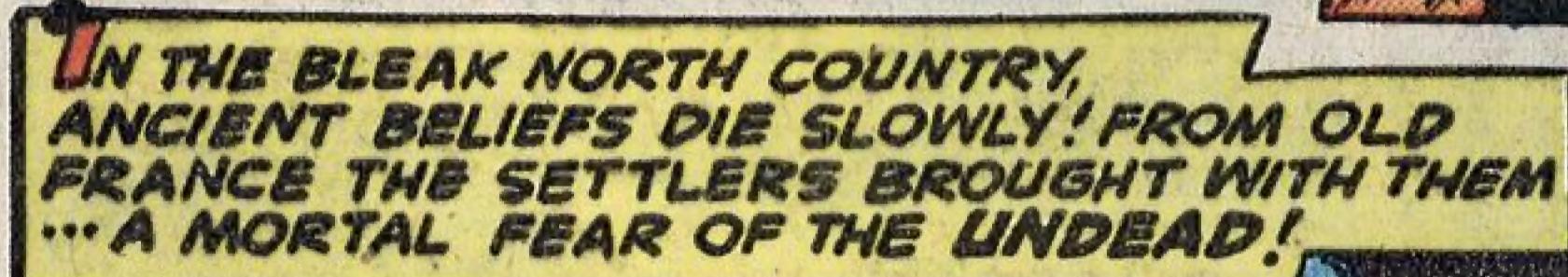
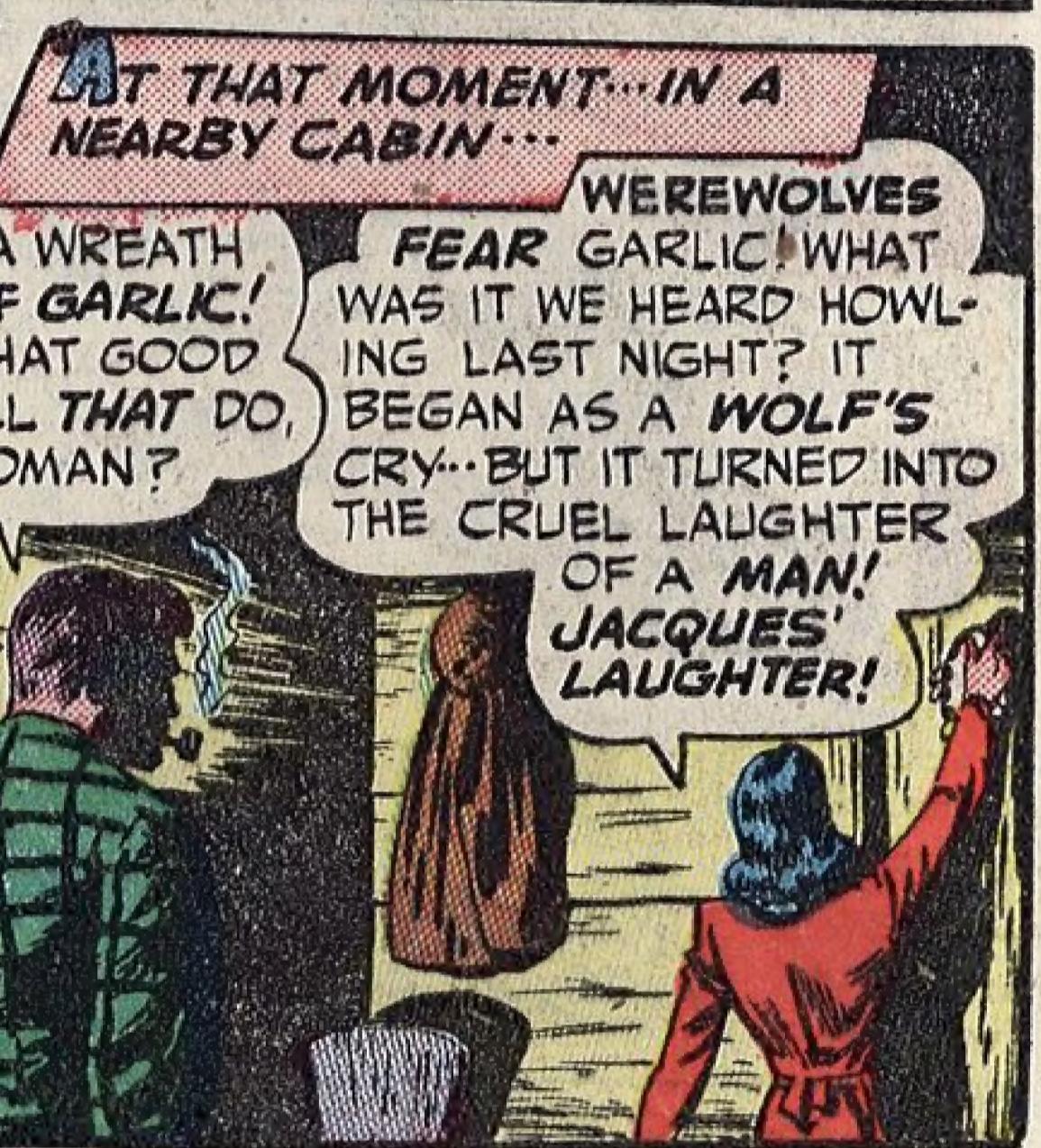
300 YEARS ... AND THE FATAL FIREARM STILL SOWED DESTRUCTION!

The WEREWOLF STALKS



OUT OF THE FROZEN NORTH CAME A DREAD THING THAT WAS NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST! A MONSTER WITHOUT A SOUL, THAT KILLED WITHOUT REMORSE AND GAVE NO QUARTER! YOU'LL THRILL TO THIS FEARFUL STORY OF THE UNDEAD... OF A NAMELESS TERROR THAT WENT LOPING THROUGH THE NIGHT IN THE FULL OF THE MOON... WITH ITS CRIMES BLACK UPON IT!





ALONE...A GHASTLY TRANSFORMATION!

GRRR-
GGG!

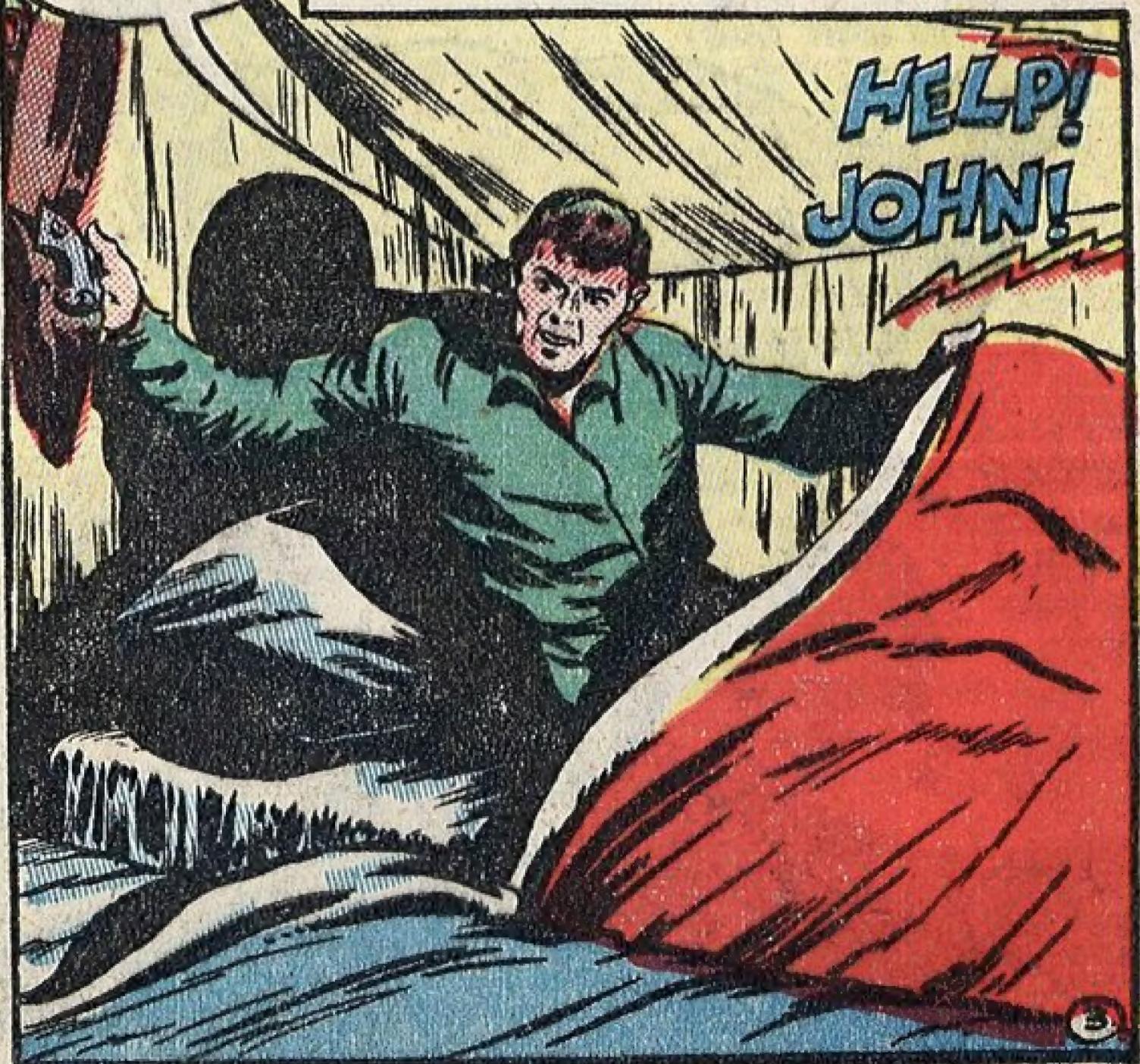
ARGH! I-I'M...CHANGING BACK! NO LONGER A WOLF...I'M JACQUES!...CAGE ME LIKE A BEAST, WOULD THEY? I'LL CLAW THEIR THROATS OUT!

THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO CAGED ME! WHEN SHE BEARS THE CLAWMARKS OF THE UNDEAD...SHE WILL RUN LIKE A BEAST THROUGH THE TIMBER! HER HANDS WILL BECOME CLAWS, HER FACE...

H-HELP!
HELP!
LET ME
GO...
OHH!

BARBARA!
SHE'S
GONE...

HELP!
JOHN!



GREAT SCOTT...HE'S A GIANT! CAN'T RISK SHOOTING...I'VE GOT TO CLOSE WITH HIM!

H-HELP!



UGH! YOU DEVIL...TAKE THAT!

BANG!
CRACK!



AHHH!



I'M TURNING BACK INTO A WOLF! NO CONTROL OVER IT! HOW CAN I GET A DOCTOR TO HELP ME IF I'M A BEAST WITHOUT A VOICE? I'D BE KILLED ON SIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO GET...THIS WOUND DRESSED! I'LL DIE IF I DON'T GET TO A DOCTOR! I'M IN BAD SHAPE...LOSING STRENGTH FAST!



TRAPPED...DESPERATE...THE GHASTLY MONSTER RETURNS TO ITS CAGE!

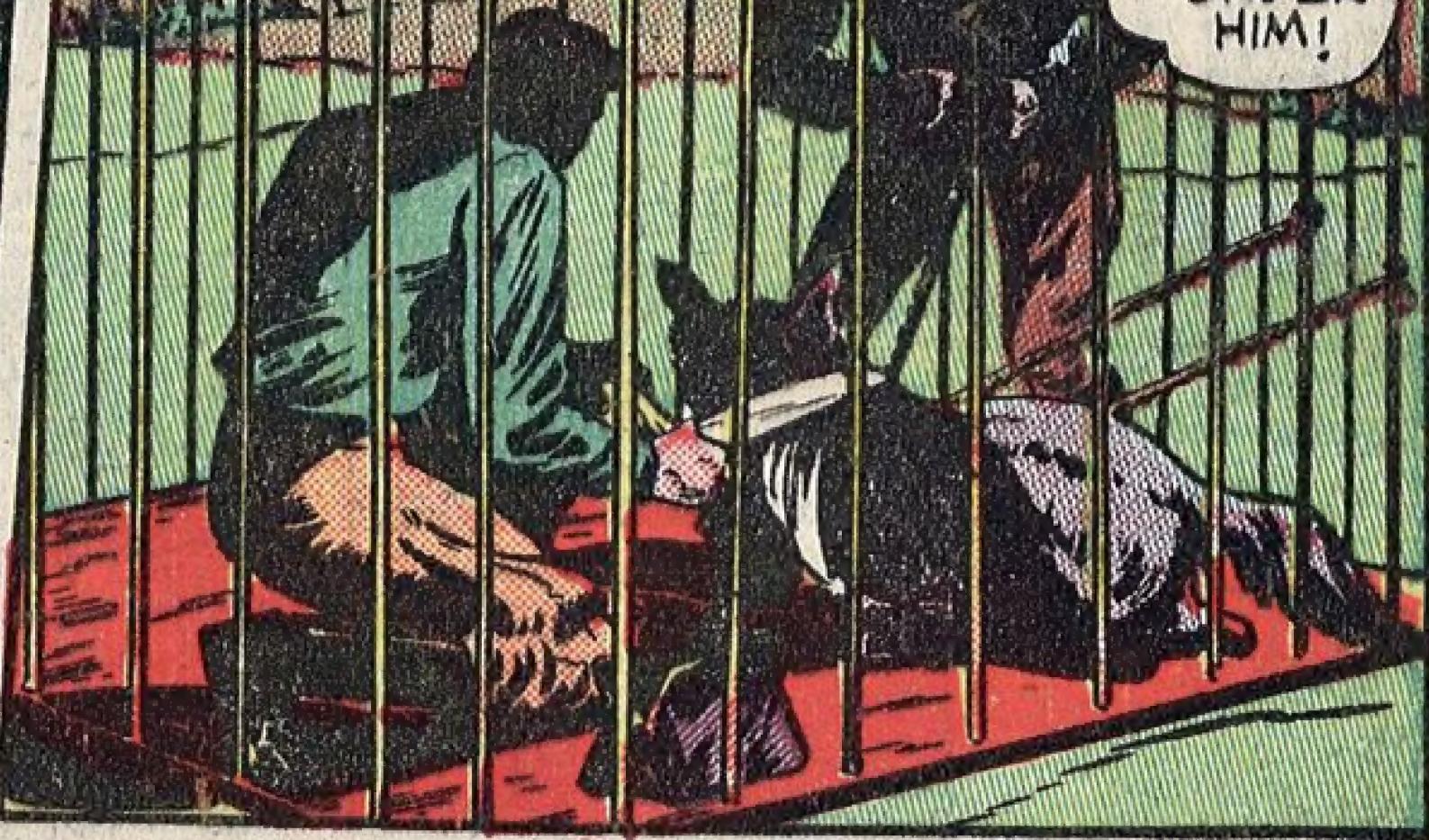
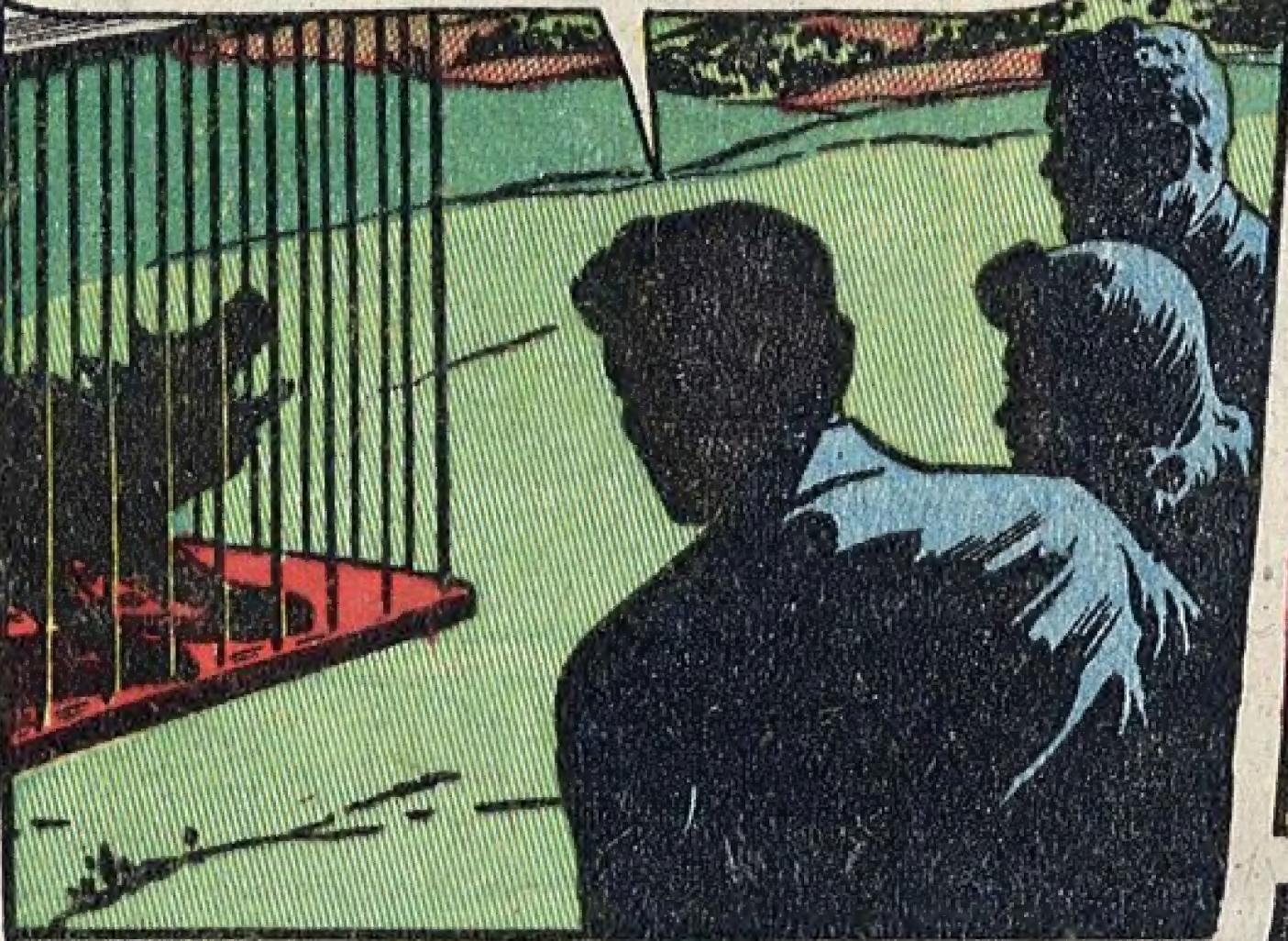


THE CAMP IS AROUSED BY
AN AGONIZED HOWLING!

WOUNDED! GREAT SCOTT... I
REMEMBER NOW! MY GUN WENT OFF
TWICE WHEN I STRUGGLED WITH
THAT LUMBERJACK! A STRAY BULLET
MUST HAVE LODGED IN THE BEAST!

THERE! I'VE GOT THE BULLET
OUT AND STERILIZED THE
WOUND! THOSE DRESSINGS
WILL HAVE TO BE CHANGED
ONCE A DAY, BUT I GUESS
I CAN HANDLE IT!

IN A WEEK YOU'LL
BE AT SEA, SIR!
IT WILL BE TOUGH
ON YOU... IF HE
TURNS UGLY
WITH A
ROLLING
DECK
UNDER
HIM!



TEN DAYS LATER... AS THE SHIP
NEARS THE GOLDEN GATE...

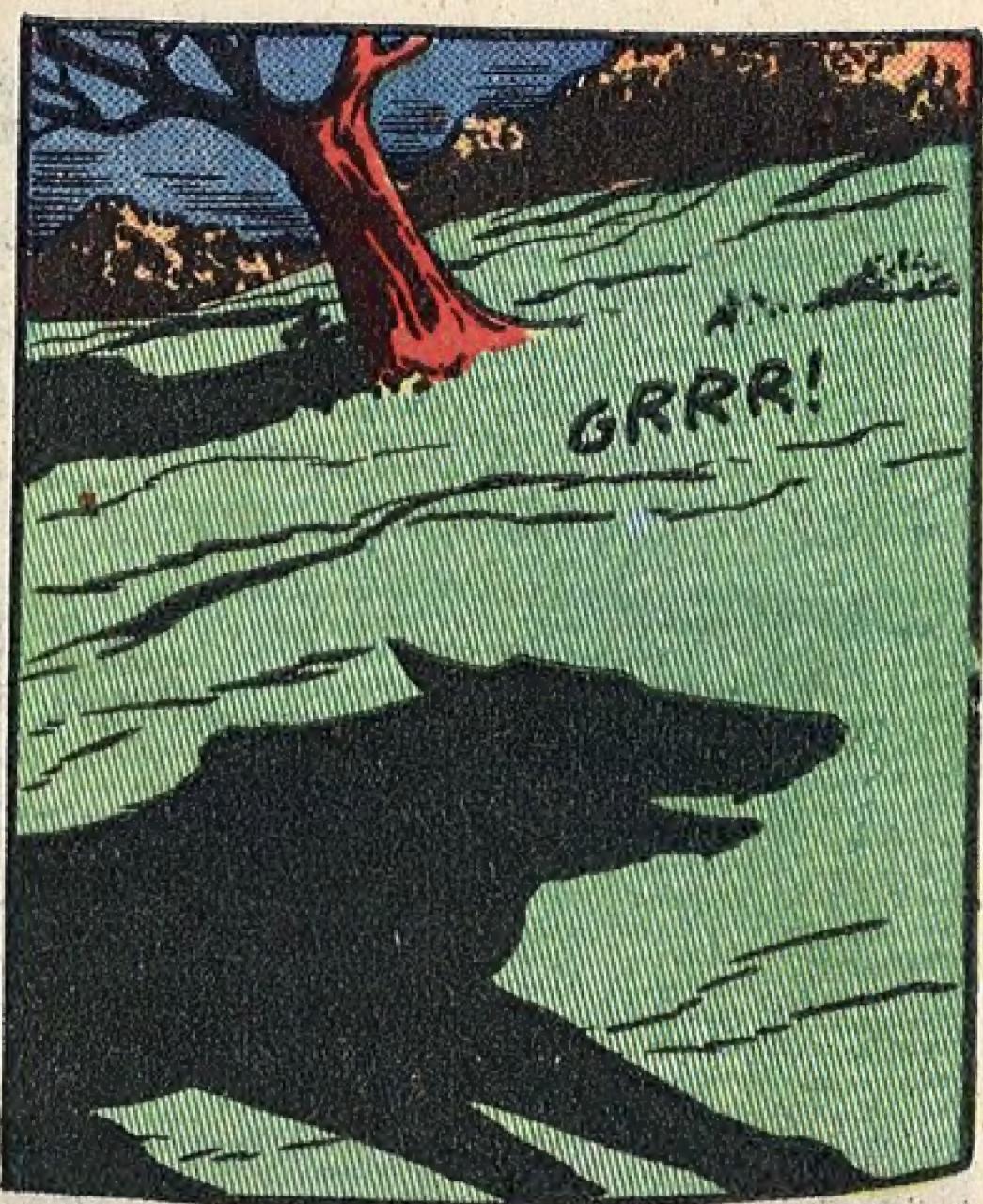
THE BEAST'S WOUND MUST BE NEARLY
HEALED! I BELIEVE I'VE MADE FRIENDS
WITH IT! IT NEVER SNARLS AT ME!

I'M GOING TO SEE
IF... W-WHAT'S
THAT?

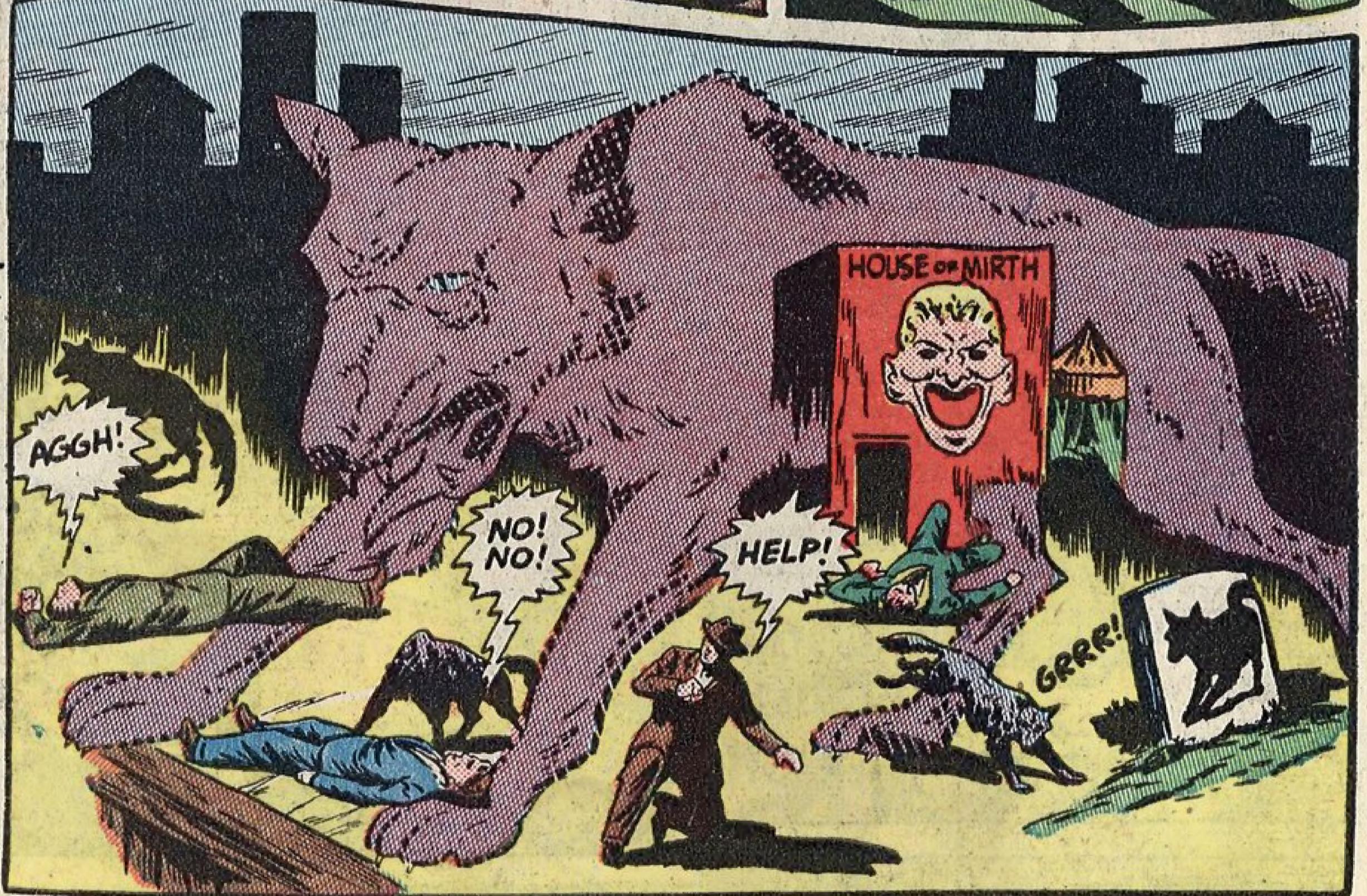


THE SHIP'S DOCKING!
YOU'D BETTER GET
HER INTO A TAXI!
SHE WAS SHAKEN UP
A BIT... BUT SHE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
NERVES, MOSTLY! SHE
SAW A SHADOW... AND
IN HER NERVOUS
STATE, WELL... YOU
KNOW HOW
WOMEN ARE! I THINK
I DO, DOCTOR!





ON THE
SLEEPING CITY
...A GHASTLY
TERROR FALLS! A
TERROR OF REND-
ING CLAWS SLASH-
ING OUT OF THE
DARKNESS...OF
RUNNING FEET
...OF SCREAMS
THAT START AND
END ABRUPTLY...
AS THOUGH
CHOKED OFF! AND
OVER ALL, THE
SHADOW OF
SOMETHING
MONSTROUS...AND
AS MERCILESS
AS THE ARCTIC
NIGHT!



LATER THAT NIGHT...IN JOHN WILDER'S HOME...

I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO BED! I'M SORRY THE WOLF ESCAPED, BUT MY RESPONSIBILITY ENDED WHEN I SOLD IT TO THE ZOO! IF YOU WANT TO SIT HERE LISTENING TO THAT RADIO BLARE... GO AHEAD! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THE WOLF HAD **NOTHING TO DO**

WITH THOSE SLAYINGS!

IT DID HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEM, JOHN!

I TELL YOU... I'M FRIGHTENED! IT WASN'T A SHADOW I SAW ON THE SHIP! WHY WON'T YOU BELIEVE ME? THE WEREWOLF LEGEND IS AS OLD AS MANKIND! THERE MUST BE SOME TRUTH IN IT!



TERROR-FRAUGHT MOMENTS LATER...

THE WOLF HAS BEEN WOUNDED! WHEN IT WAS WOUNDED THE DETAILS ARE JUST COMING IN! APPARENTLY IT GOT AWAY, BUT...

BEFORE JOHN DRESSED THE WOUND! WHAT IF IT SHOULD COME HERE? IF IT'S REALLY A WEREWOLF... IT WILL KNOW THE WAY!

SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

THERE'S SOMETHING AT THE WINDOW! SOMETHING OUT THERE! SOMETHING THAT'S ... OH!



BARBARA! KEEP BACKING UP! STAY AWAY FROM IT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT TABLE!



I'M DONE FOR... IF HE GETS MY THROAT! GOT TO... GET HIM FIRST! UGH!



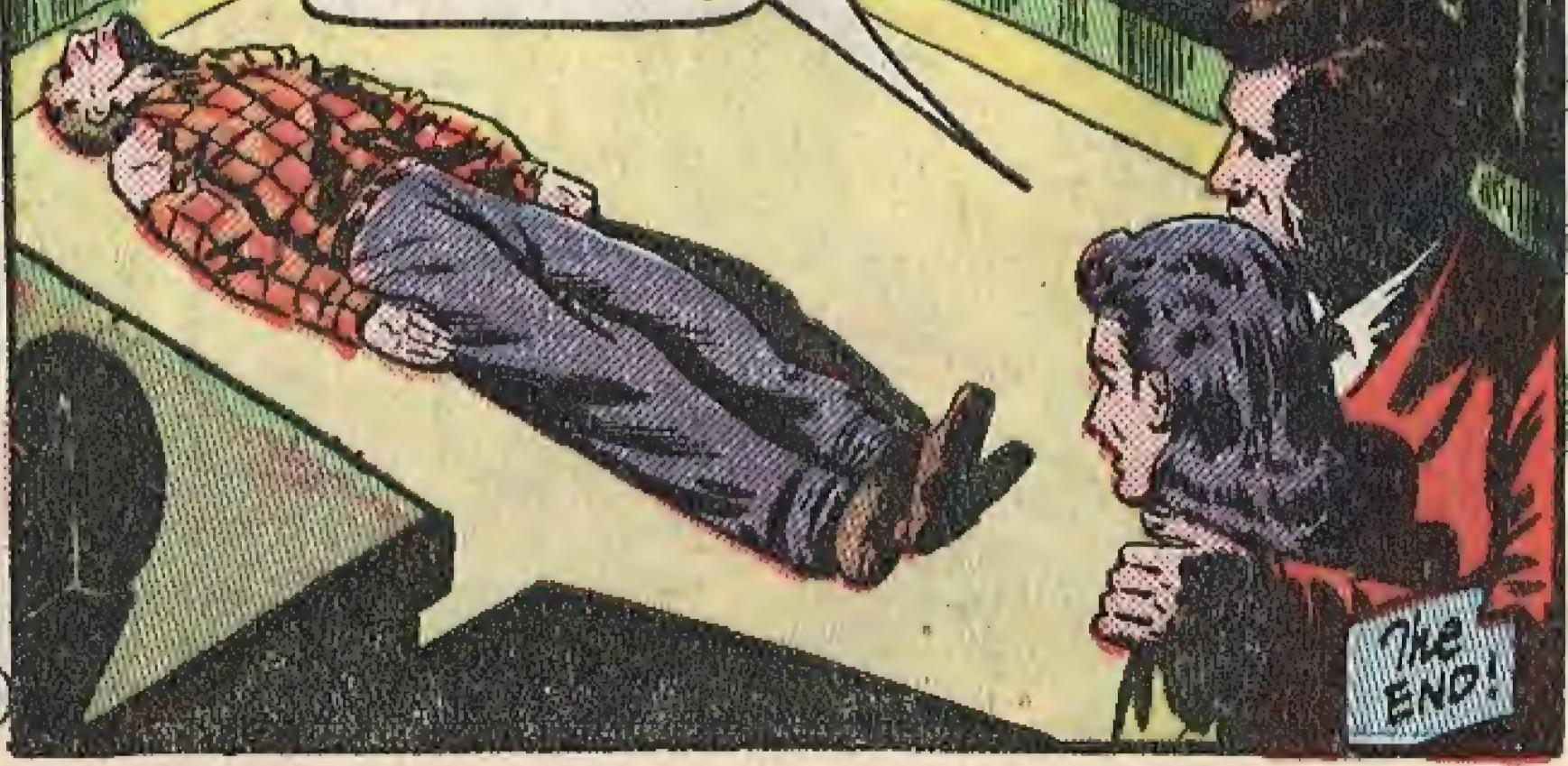
I'VE GOT IT! A SILVER PAPER KNIFE! BACK, BARBARA... HERE HE COMES!

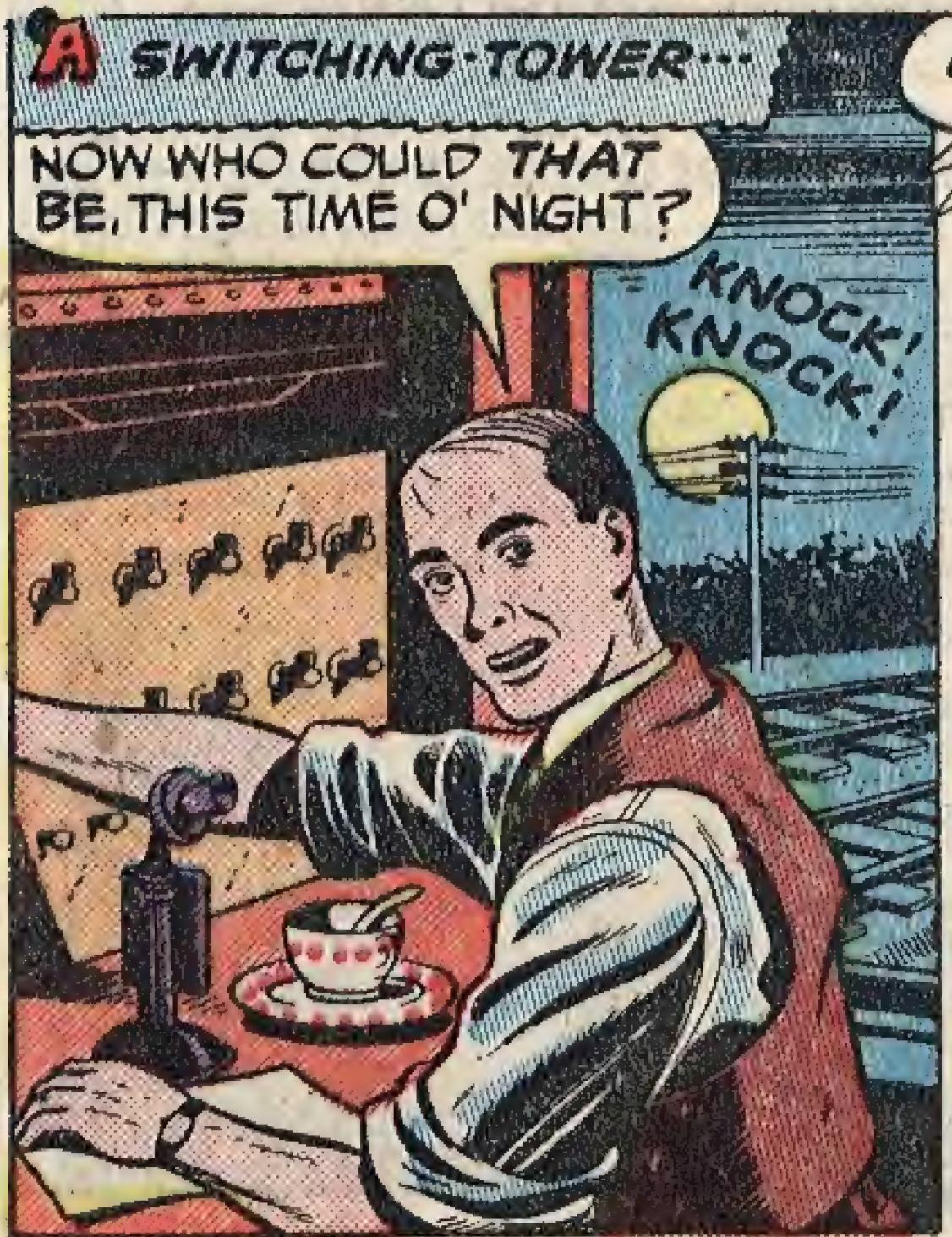


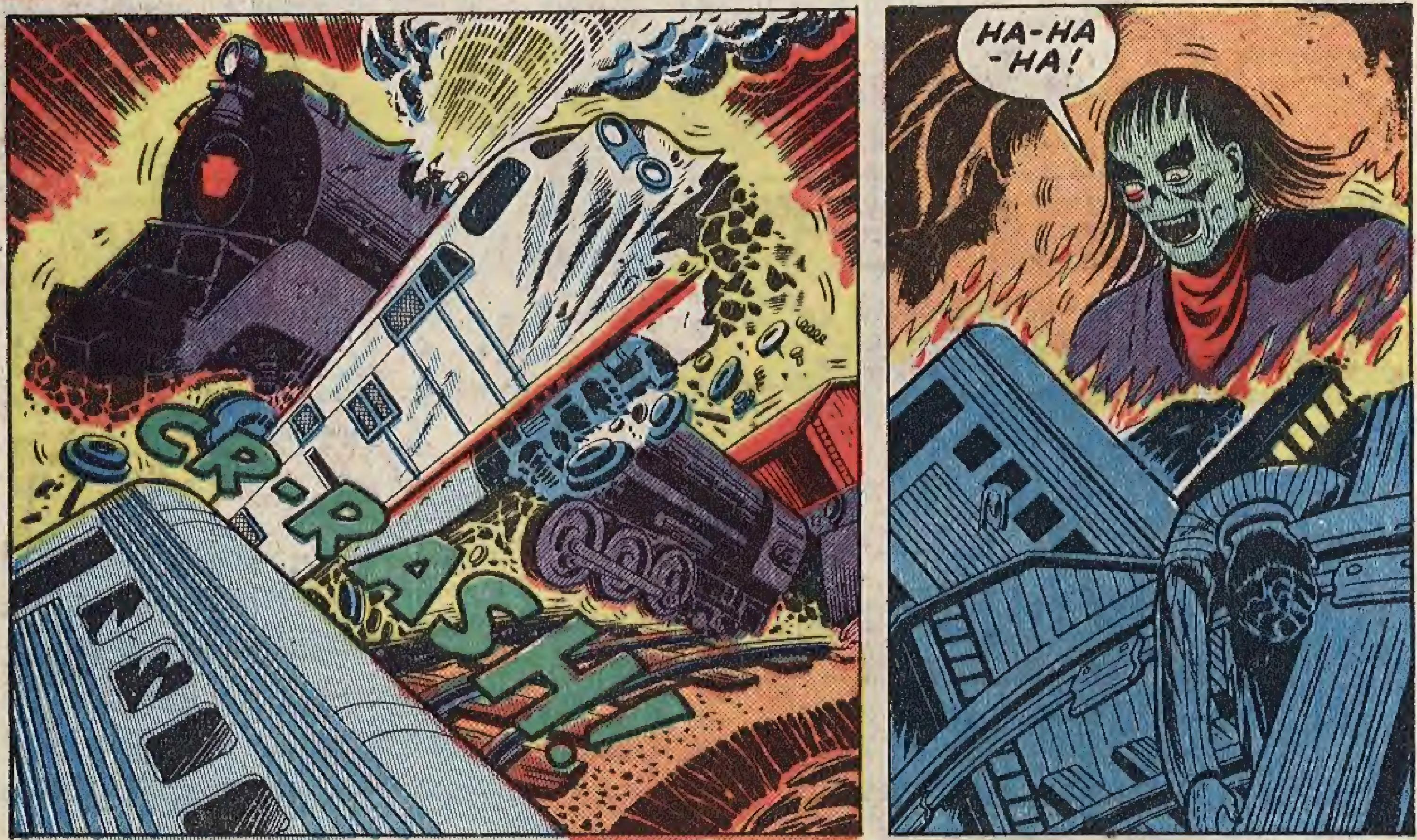
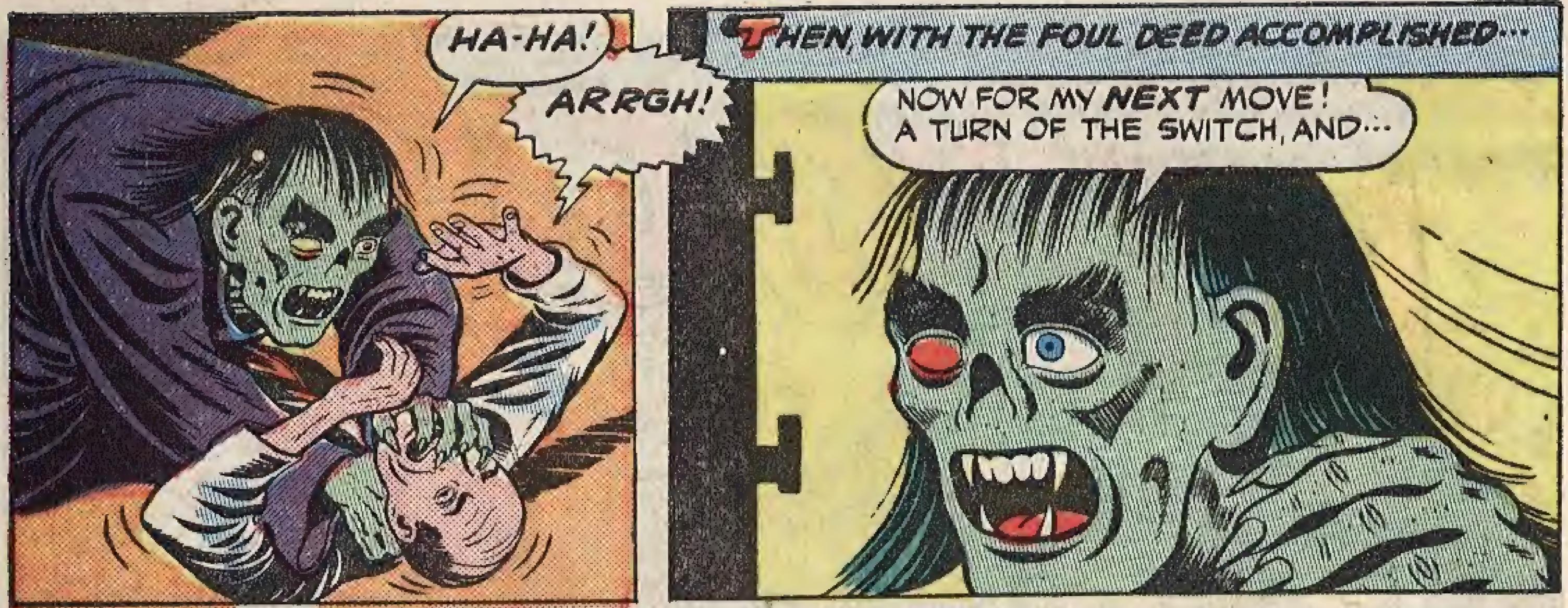
IN DEATH... JACQUES SHEDS THE MARK OF THE BEAST... AND FINDS RELEASE FROM HIS TORMENT!

A SILVER KNIFE! ANYTHING SILVER IS FATAL TO THE UNDEAD! YOU KNEW? BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE UNDEAD! W-WHAT OPENED YOUR EYES?

SHEER DESPERATION, I GUESS! I... I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE YOU, DARLING!







DOES THIS LOOK LIKE SHOOTING? HE'S
BEEN STRANGLED... BY SOME-
ONE OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

OH-HHH!

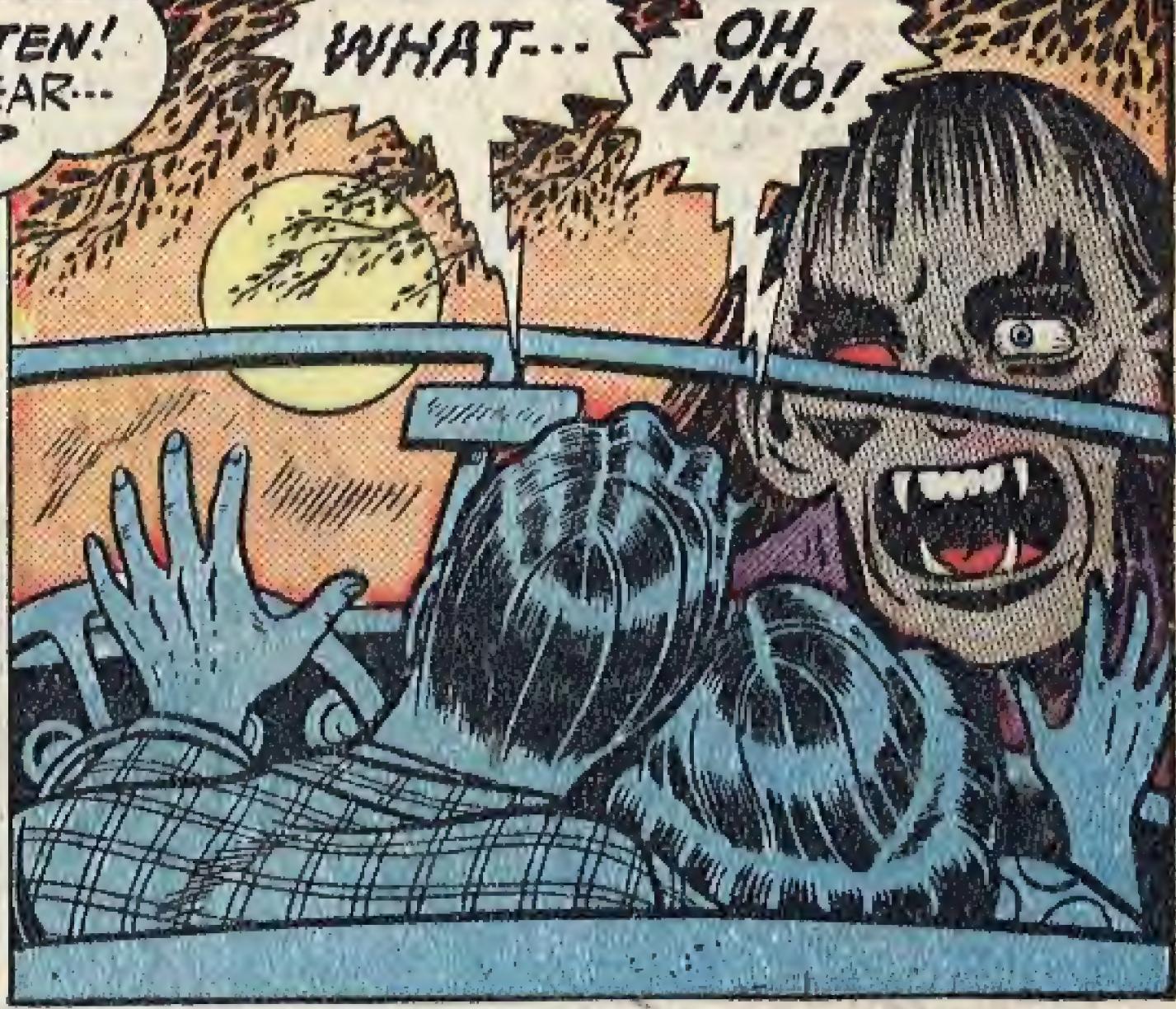
THAT FACE! I'LL
... I'LL REMEMBER
IT IN MY
DREAMS!

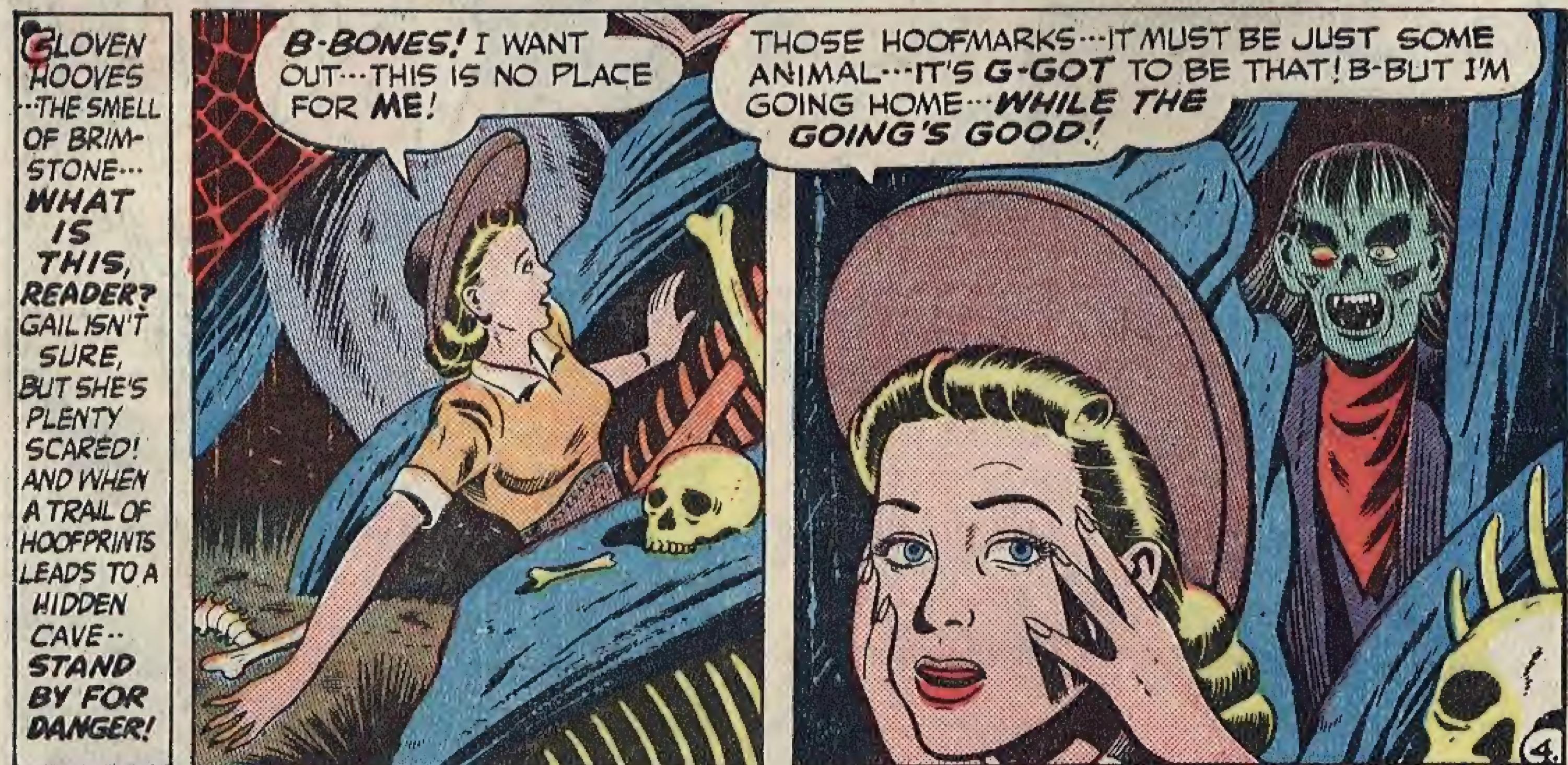
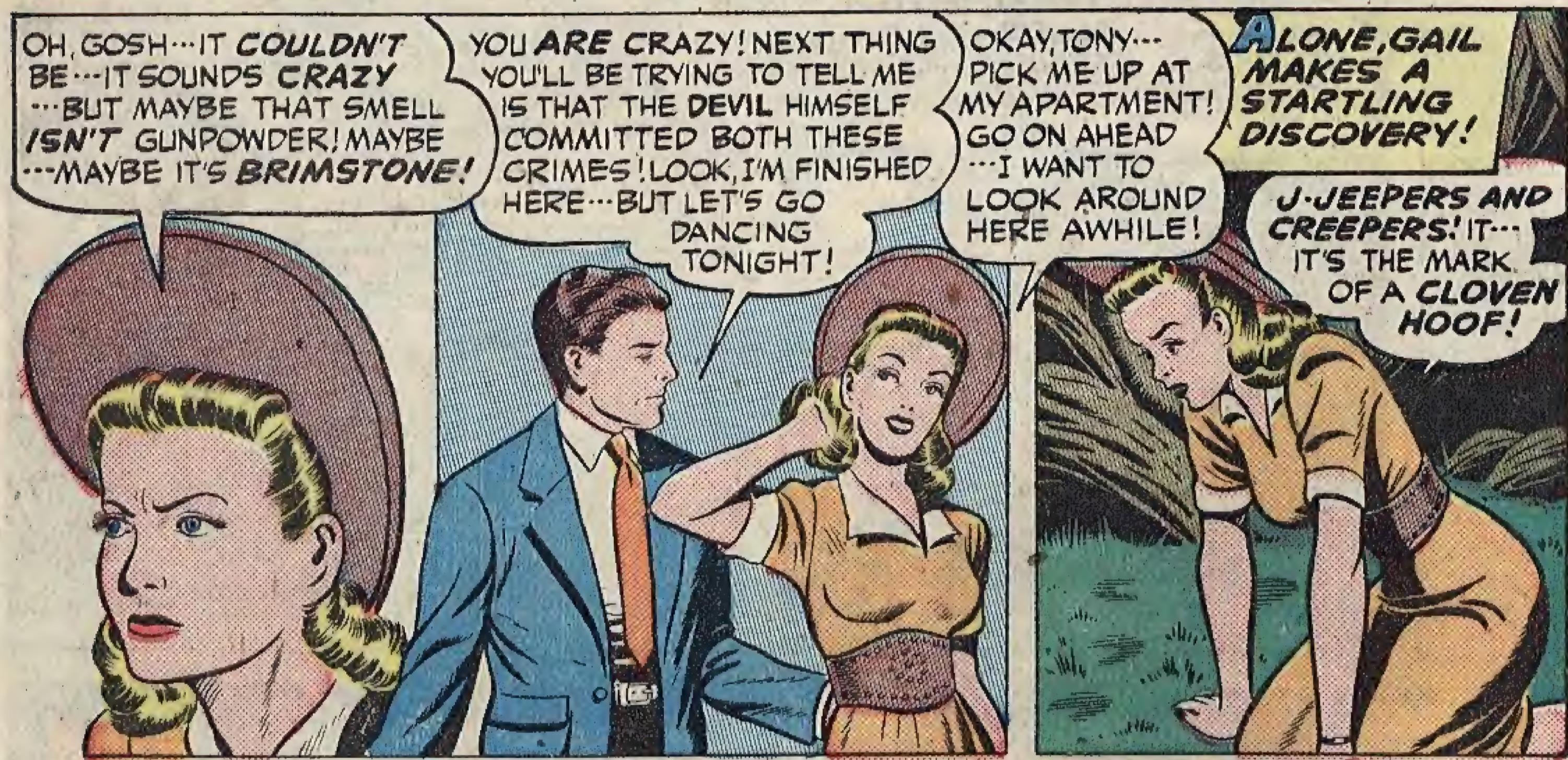
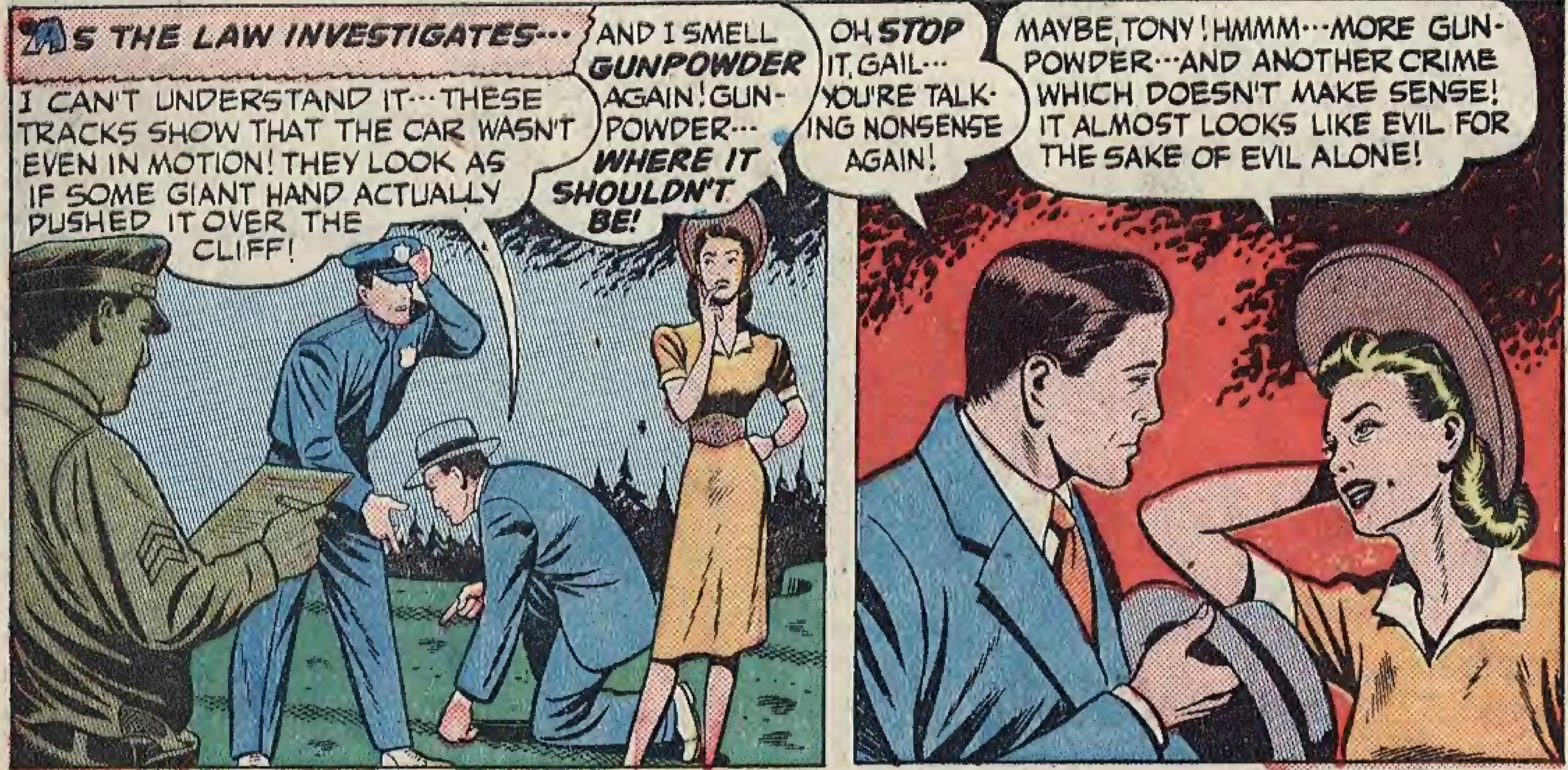
BETTER TAKE OFF, GAIL...
THIS JUST ISN'T A
WOMAN'S BUSINESS! BUT
DON'T WORRY... I'LL LAND
THAT KILLER! JUST
WATCH MY SMOKE!



YOU ONLY
THINK
YOU'LL
LAND HIM.
TONY
DIDN'T
RECKON
WITH HIM
STRIKING
AGAIN,
DID YOU?

SCENE:
A LOCAL
LOVER'S
LANE...



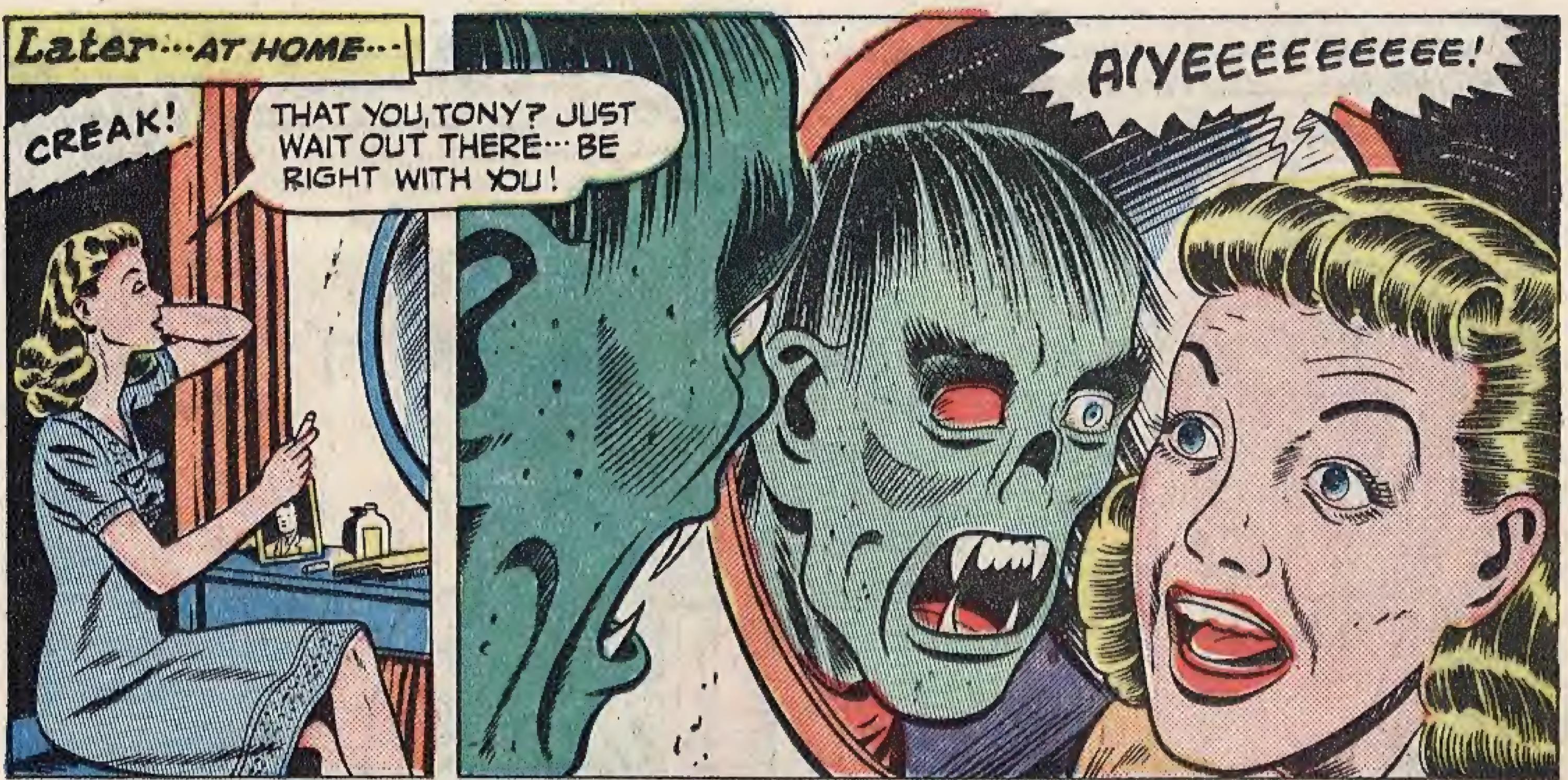


Later...AT HOME...

CREAK!

THAT YOU, TONY? JUST
WAIT OUT THERE...BE
RIGHT WITH YOU!

A/YEEEEEEEEE!



SO PRETTY ONE...YOU FEAR THE LIVING GHOST, EH?
NO NEED...I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU EASILY,
BACK IN MY CAVE! BUT YOU WERE TOO BEAUTIFUL,
SO I MERELY FOLLOWED YOU HERE! IT TOOK ME
A WHILE TO MAKE UP MY MIND...

...BUT I'VE DECIDED THAT YOU'RE
MINE...SO I CAME TO TAKE YOU!
YOU'LL NEED THIS COAT...I TRAVEL
TO MANY PLACES THAT ARE
COLD! HA-HA!



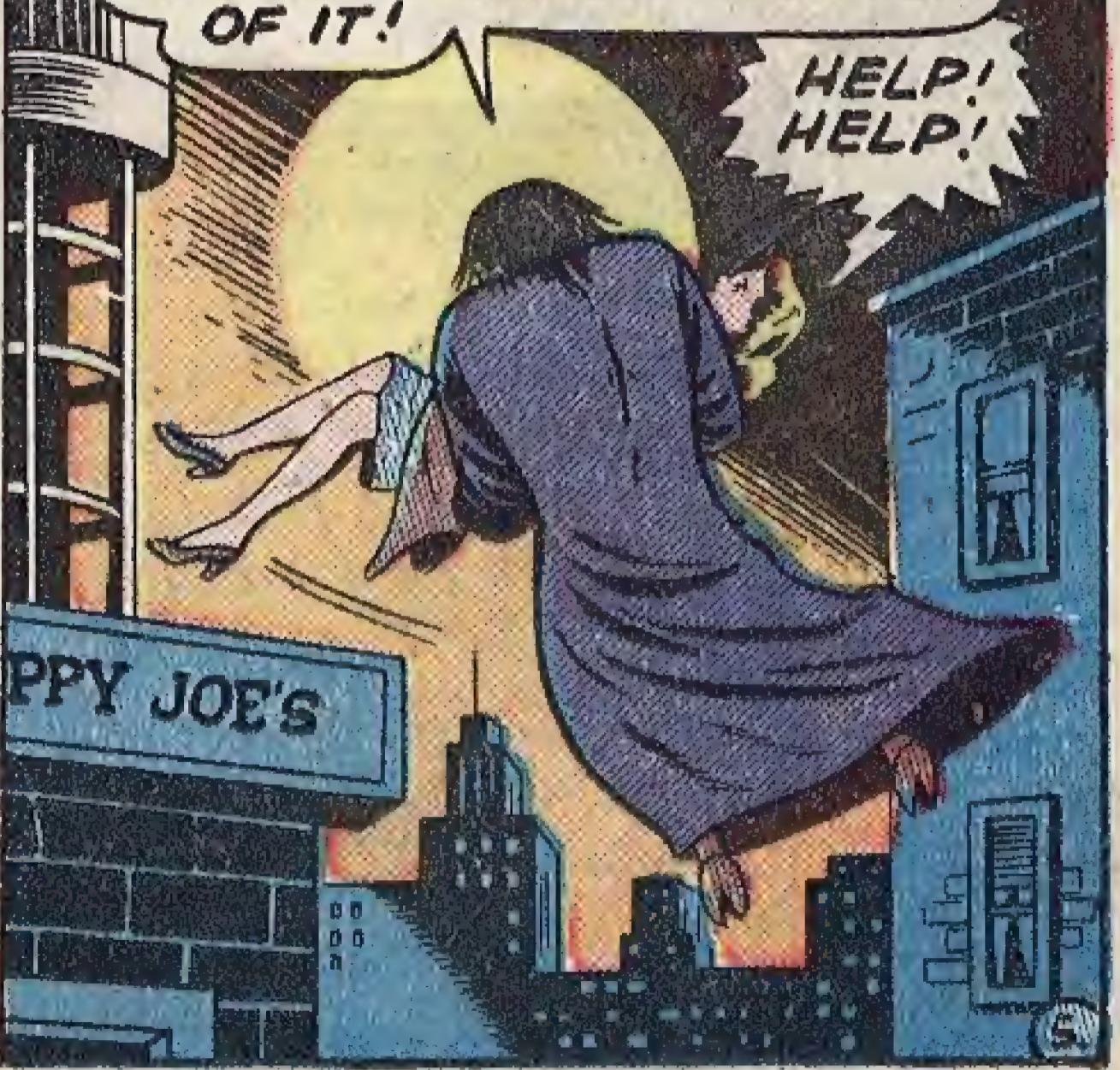
WHAT...WHAT ARE
YOU G-GOING TO
DO?

WATCH! YOU'LL FIND MUCH
TO ADMIRE IN ME...I AM NOT
LIKE ORDINARY MORTALS!



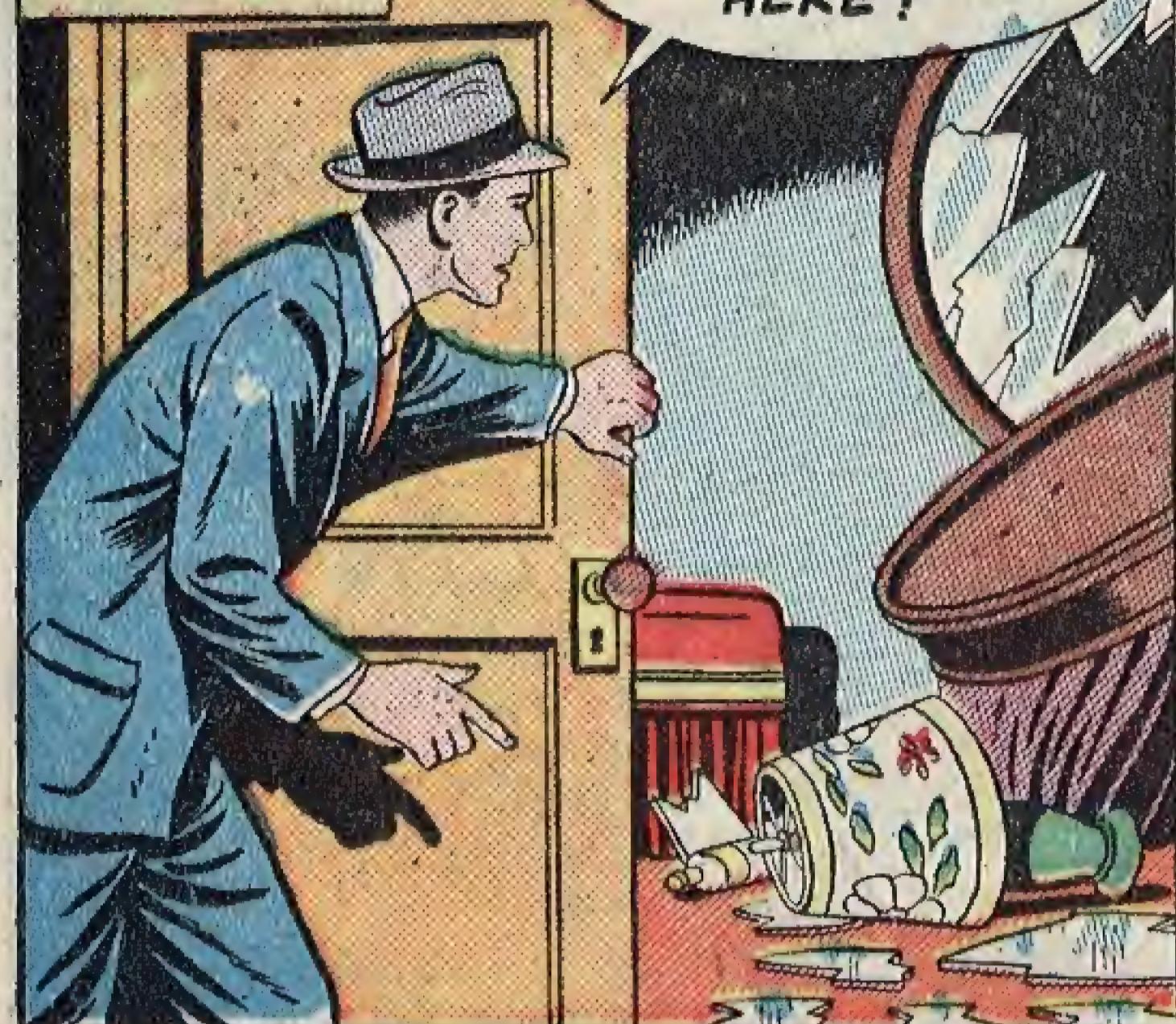
AH, WE MUST TRAVEL THUS, MY DEAR!
IT WOULDN'T DO TO LET PEOPLE SEE
MY FACE...AND LIVE TO TELL
OF IT!

HELP!
HELP!



AND WHEN TONY ARRIVES...

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?



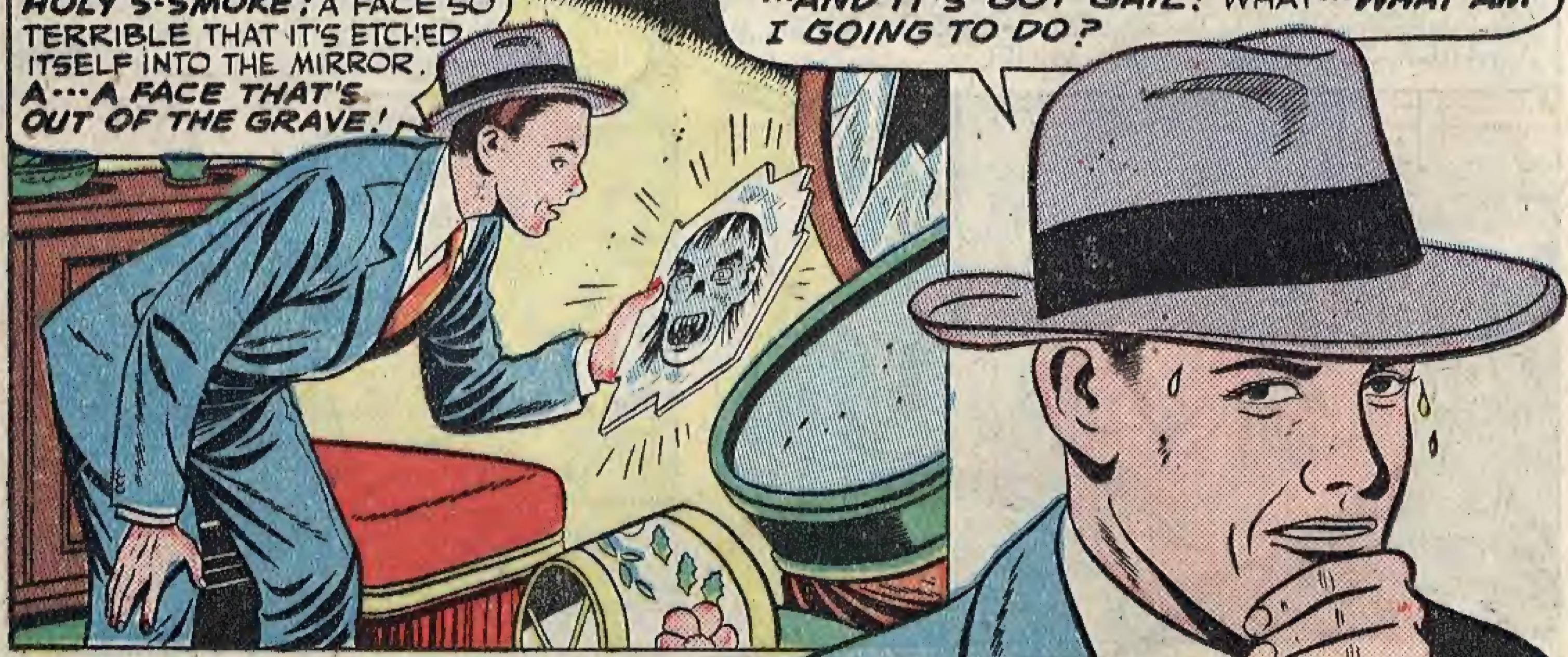
THE LIVING GHOST! AND GAIL GONE! IF THIS IS HER IDEA OF A JOKE...

THE LIVING GHOST

Then... A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY!

HOLY S-SMOKE! A FACE SO TERRIBLE THAT IT'S ETCHED ITSELF INTO THE MIRROR. A... A FACE THAT'S OUT OF THE GRAVE!

THEN... THEN SUPERNATURAL FORCES DO EXIST! SOMETHING BEYOND LIFE ITSELF IS AT WORK... AND IT'S GOT GAIL! WHAT... WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



YES TONY...
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?
YOU
A MERE MORTAL...
AGAINST A
SPECTRAL
FORCE OF
DEADLY EVIL!
HELL... FIRST
STEP... AT
THE
INSTITUTE
FOR
PSYCHIC
RESEARCH...

THIS FACE, DR. VANDYKE... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT? DO THE WORDS LIVING GHOST MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

GOOD HEAVENS... YES!

ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGENDS, THE LIVING GHOST IS AN AGE-OLD APPARITION... THE PERSONIFICATION OF BLACK EVIL ITSELF! BACK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD, WHEN SATAN, THE FALLEN ANGEL, WAS DRIVEN INTO BANISHMENT...

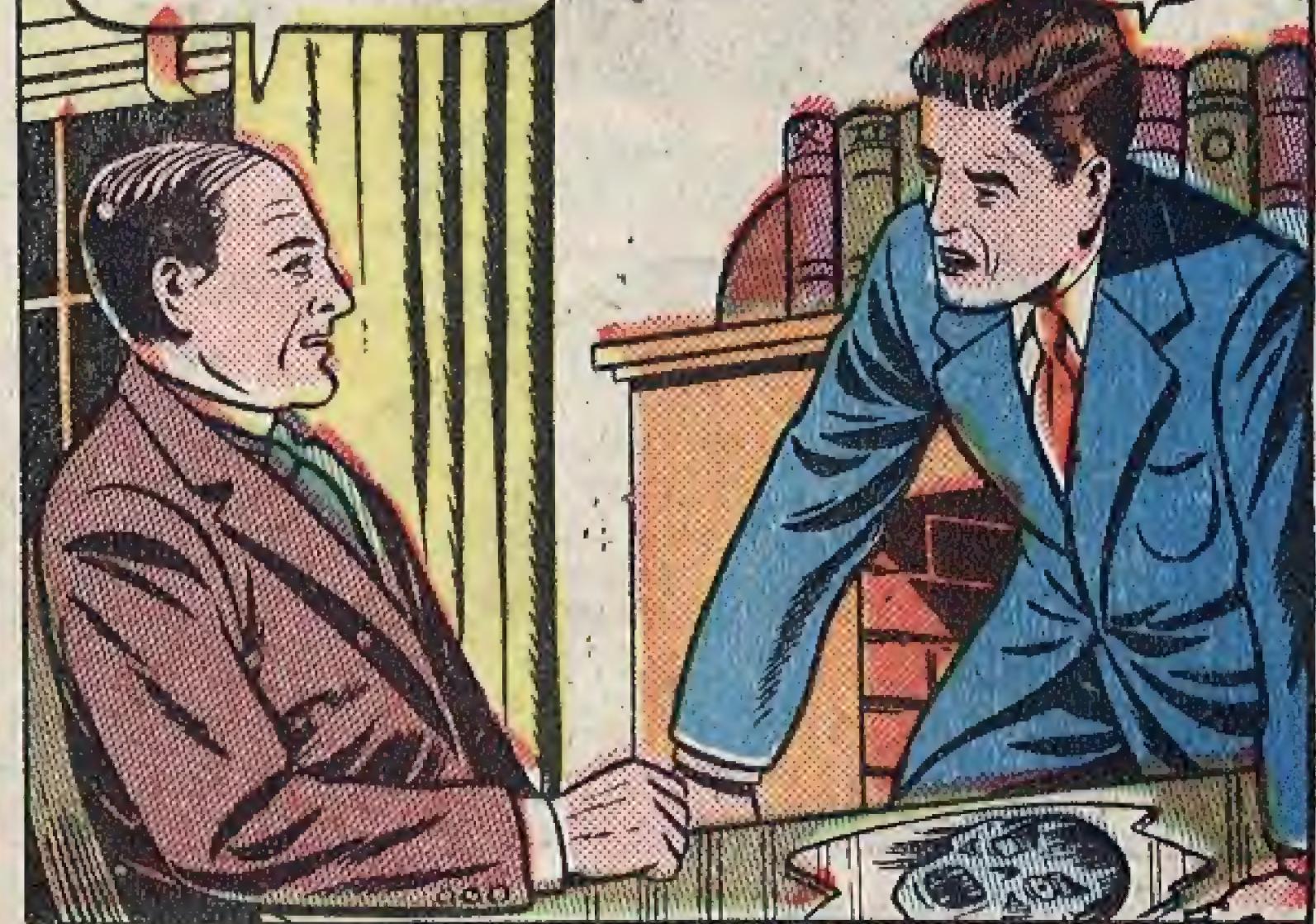


...MALEVO, HIS CHIEF LIEUTENANT...BASICALLY EVEN MORE EVIL THAN HIS MASTER...WAS CONDEMNED TO WANDER THE WORLD IN HUMAN SHAPE FOREVER, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MORTALS! AND MEN KNOW HIM AS... **THE LIVING GHOST!**



IT'S SAID THAT ONCE IN EVERY CENTURY, HE WALKS THE WORLD AGAIN, SOWING EVIL MURDER IN HIS WAKE! AND NOW... IT'S COME TO PASS!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND HIM, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO!



BRACE YOURSELF, TONY... THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE! HE'S ONLY PART MAN... THE REST IS **HOST!** AND NO HUMAN CAN COMBAT THE SUPER-NATURAL! BUT TAKE THIS ANCIENT CHURCH RELIC... A PETRIFIED OLIVE BRANCH! ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IT HAS THE POWER TO RENDER A **HOST MORTAL!** USE IT IF YOU SHOULD EVER CATCH UP WITH HIM!



MEANWHILE...WHAT OF GAIL?

PLEASE... WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

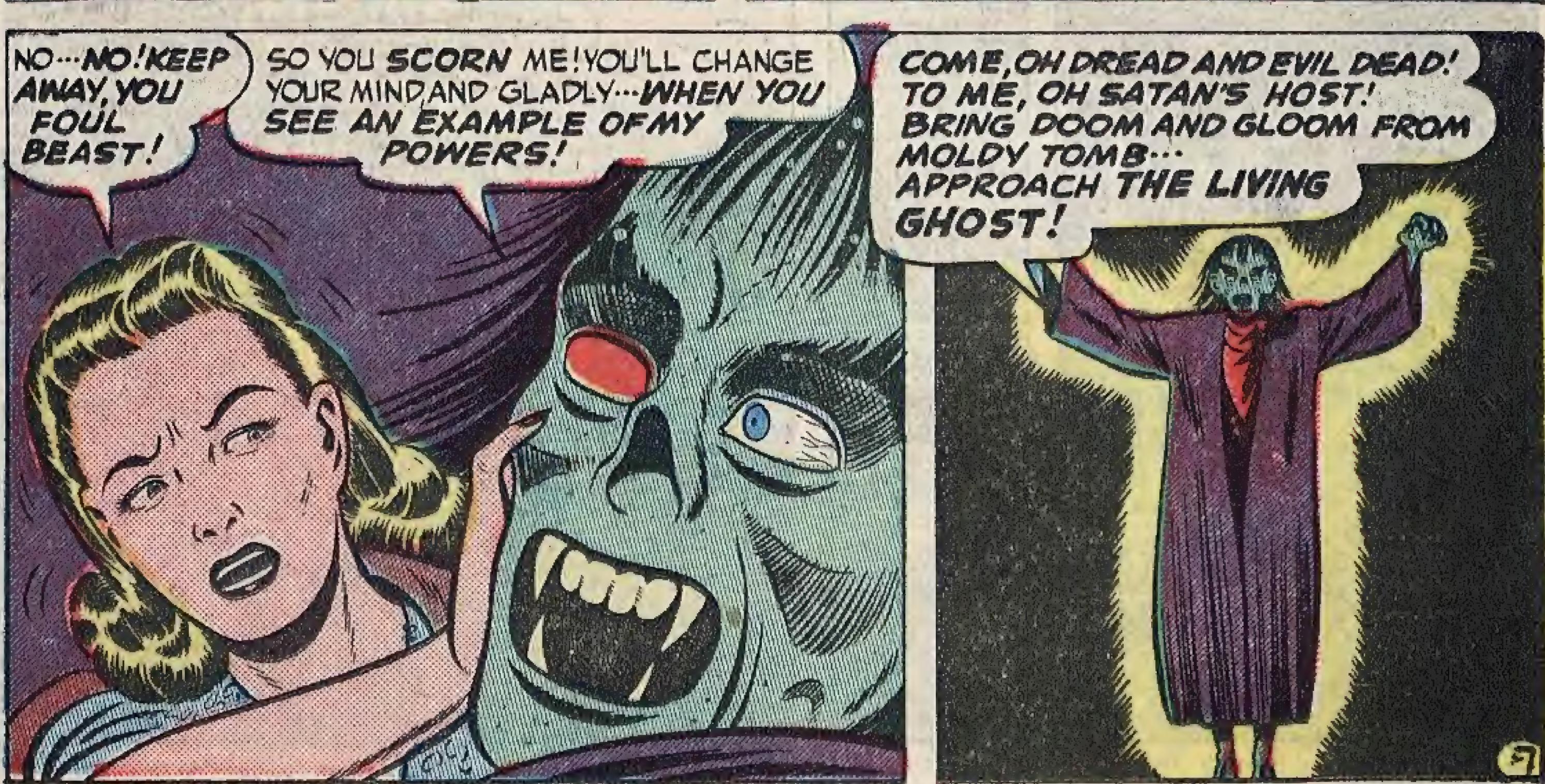
BECAUSE NEVER, THROUGH THE CENTURIES, HAVE I SEEN BEAUTY LIKE YOURS... NEVER ONE MORE FIT TO SHARE MY GREAT POWERS! YOU SHALL JOIN US... THE LEGION OF THE UNDEAD...

AS MY QUEEN!



NO... NO! KEEP AWAY, YOU FOUL BEAST!

SO YOU SCORN ME! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND AND GLADLY... WHEN YOU SEE AN EXAMPLE OF MY POWERS!

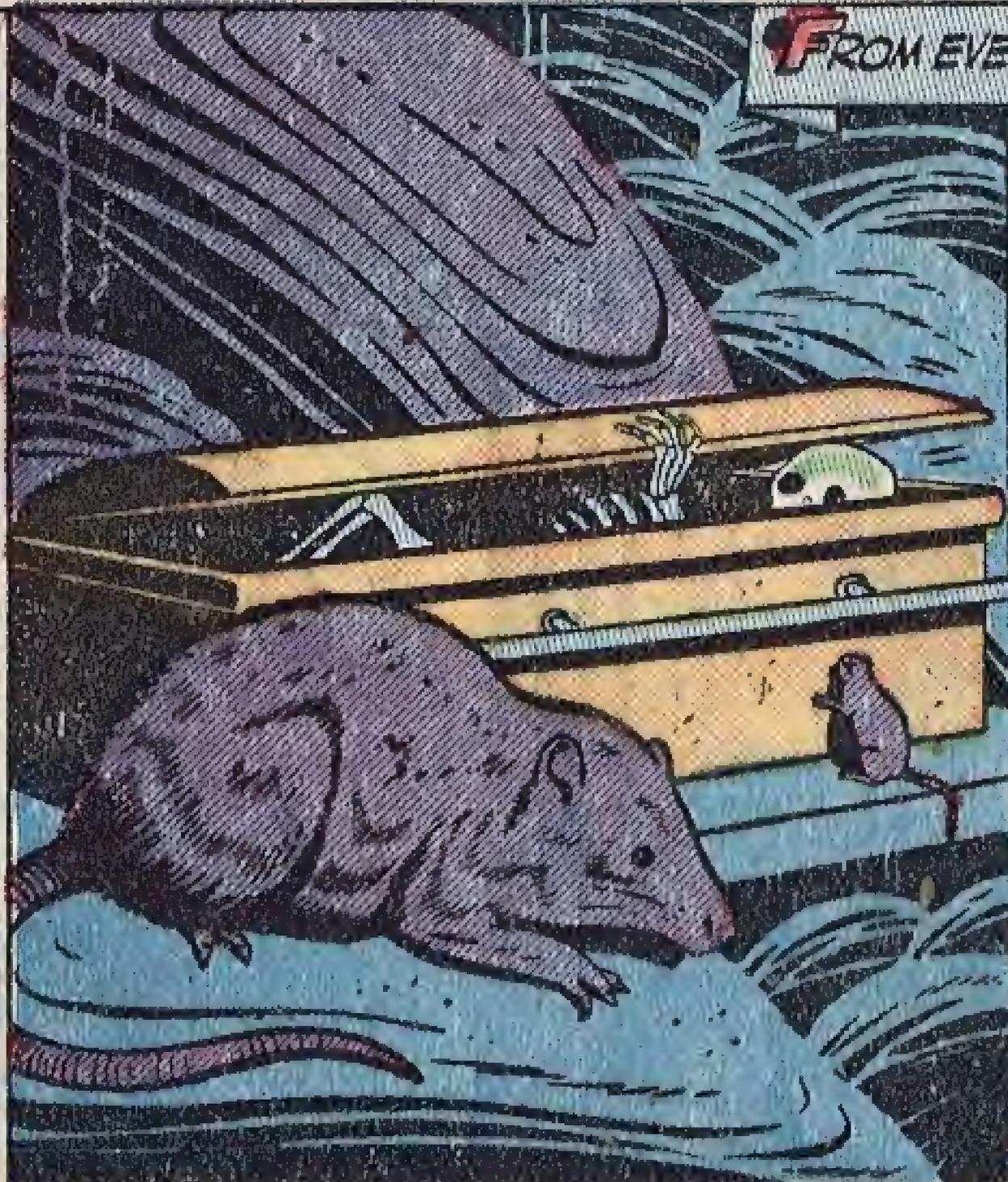


COME, OH DREAD AND EVIL DEAD! TO ME, OH SATAN'S HOST! BRING DOOM AND GLOOM FROM MOLDY TOMB... APPROACH THE **LIVING GHOST!**

CAN A
WEIRD
INCAN-
TATION
PIERCE
THE VEIL
OF THE
UNKNOWN
...BRING
THE
LONG-
DEAD
TO THE
SERVICE
OF A
GHOSTLY
MASTER?

WATCH!

FROM EVERY QUARTER... THE HOSTS OF AGE-OLD EVIL!



MEANWHILE,
TONY ISN'T
GIVING UP!
DESERPATELY
HUNTING
FOR SOME
SIGN OF
THE
LIVING
GHOST'S
TRAIL, HE
SEARCHES
THE SCENE
OF THE
LAST
MURDER!
AND
SUDDENLY
HE SEES...



THEY...THEY'RE SPECTERS...INHUMAN!
AND IF THEY'RE HERE, THE LIVING GHOST
MUST BE NEARBY! I'LL FOLLOW THEM
...BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIDDEN!

PURSUIT...TO THE CAVE OF
EVIL! PEERING WITHIN...

OH, N-NO! T-TELL
ME I'M DREAM-
ING!



ON, LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED...ON!
NEVER MORE WILL SHE WHO CAN
RULE WITH ME DOUBT MY POWERS!

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO AGAINST
THAT UNHOLY MOB...UNLESS I TAKE THIS
LONG CHANCE ON SLIPPING IN UNRECOGNIZED!



THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM...I
HOPE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET TO
GAIL...MAKE HER UNDERSTAND...

NO! NO!
KEEP
AWAY!

OH-HHH!
PLEASE
DON'T...

SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT! LISTEN...
IT'S ME...TONY! PRETEND TO
PLAY ALONG WITH THE HEAD
GOUL! TELL HIM YOU'LL DO ANY-
THING HE WANTS IF HE'LL GET RID
OF HIS LITTLE PLAY-
MATES!



WITH THE LIGHT OF A WILD HOPE DAWNING IN HER EYES...

PLEASE! I'LL RULE WITH YOU...DO ANYTHING YOU WANT...IF ONLY YOU'LL GET RID OF THESE AWFUL CREATURES!

I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY FINALLY! WATCH!

BACK TO SLIME FROM WHENCE YOU CAME,
BACK TO DEATH, DECAY!
BACK TO FIRE AND TO FLAME...
YOUR MASTER SPEAKS...OBEY!



WHAT! ALL GONE...BUT YOU!
THEN YOU'RE NO SPIRIT...YOU'RE
A MORTAL MAN!

SO I'VE BEEN TRICKED EH? YOU FOOLS...THINKING THAT YOU COULD FIGHT A SUPERHUMAN POWER! THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER...DEATH!

STEADY, GAIL...WE'VE GOT A SLIM CHANCE YET! THE TALISMAN DR. VANDYKE GAVE ME!



AH-HHH!

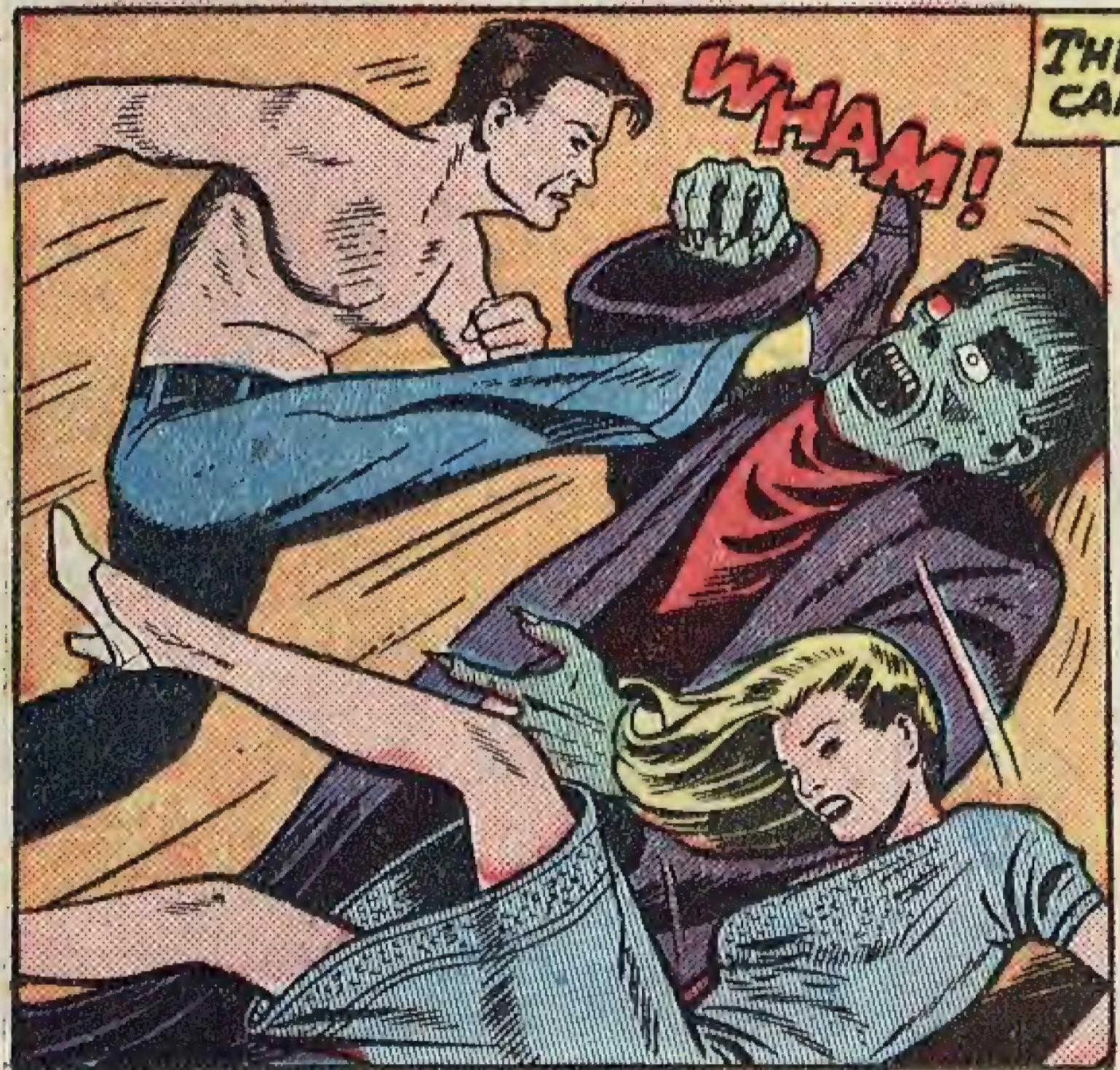
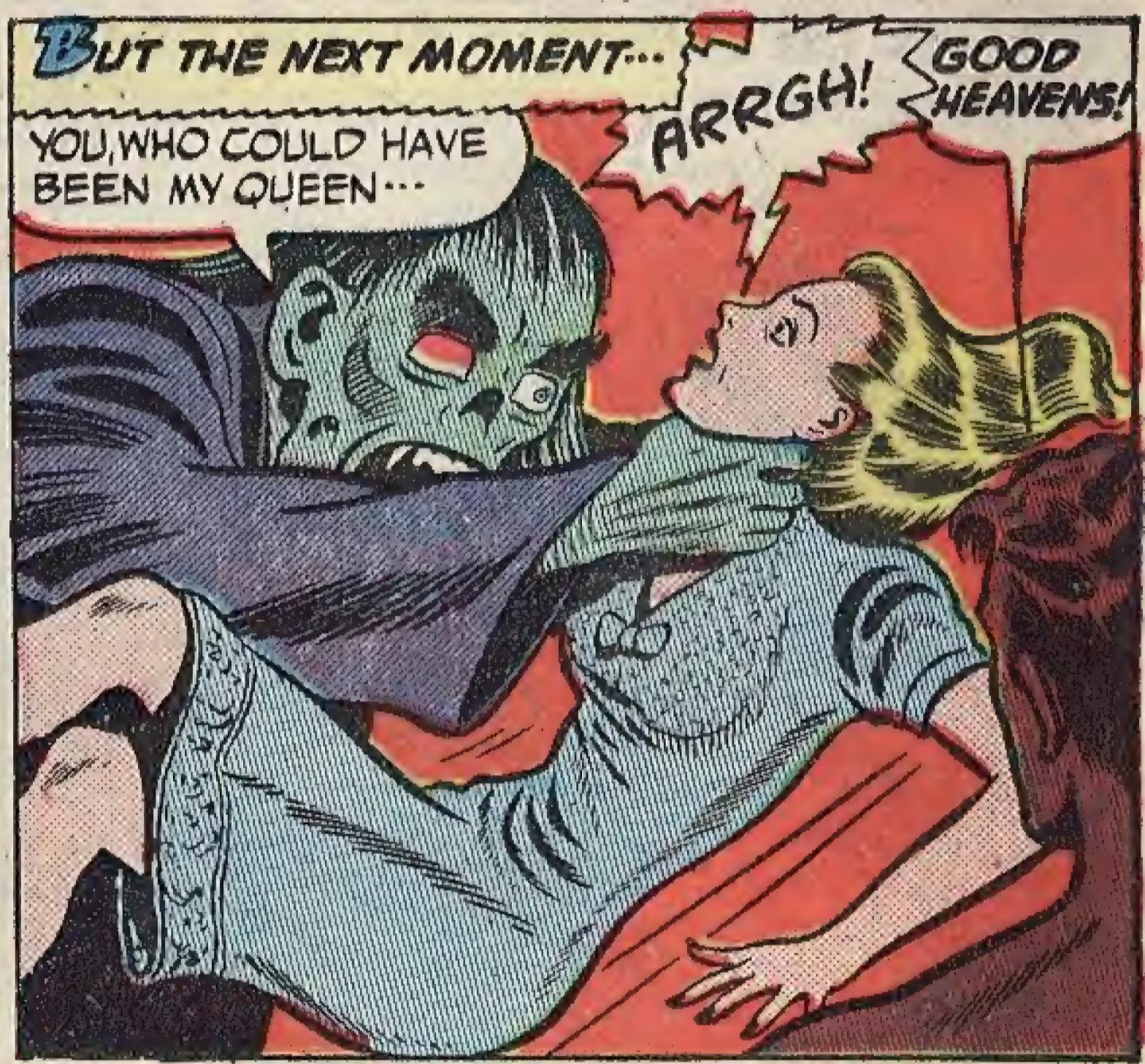
TONY! IT...IT'S STOPPED HIM!
WHAT...

IT'S AN ANCIENT CHURCH RELIC...AND IT'S MADE THE LIVING GHOST MORTAL!

MORTAL, YES...BUT YOUR LITTLE WEAPON HASN'T ROBBED ME OF THE GIANT STRENGTH I'VE CARRIED WITH ME DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES!
YOU'LL DIE KNOWING THAT!

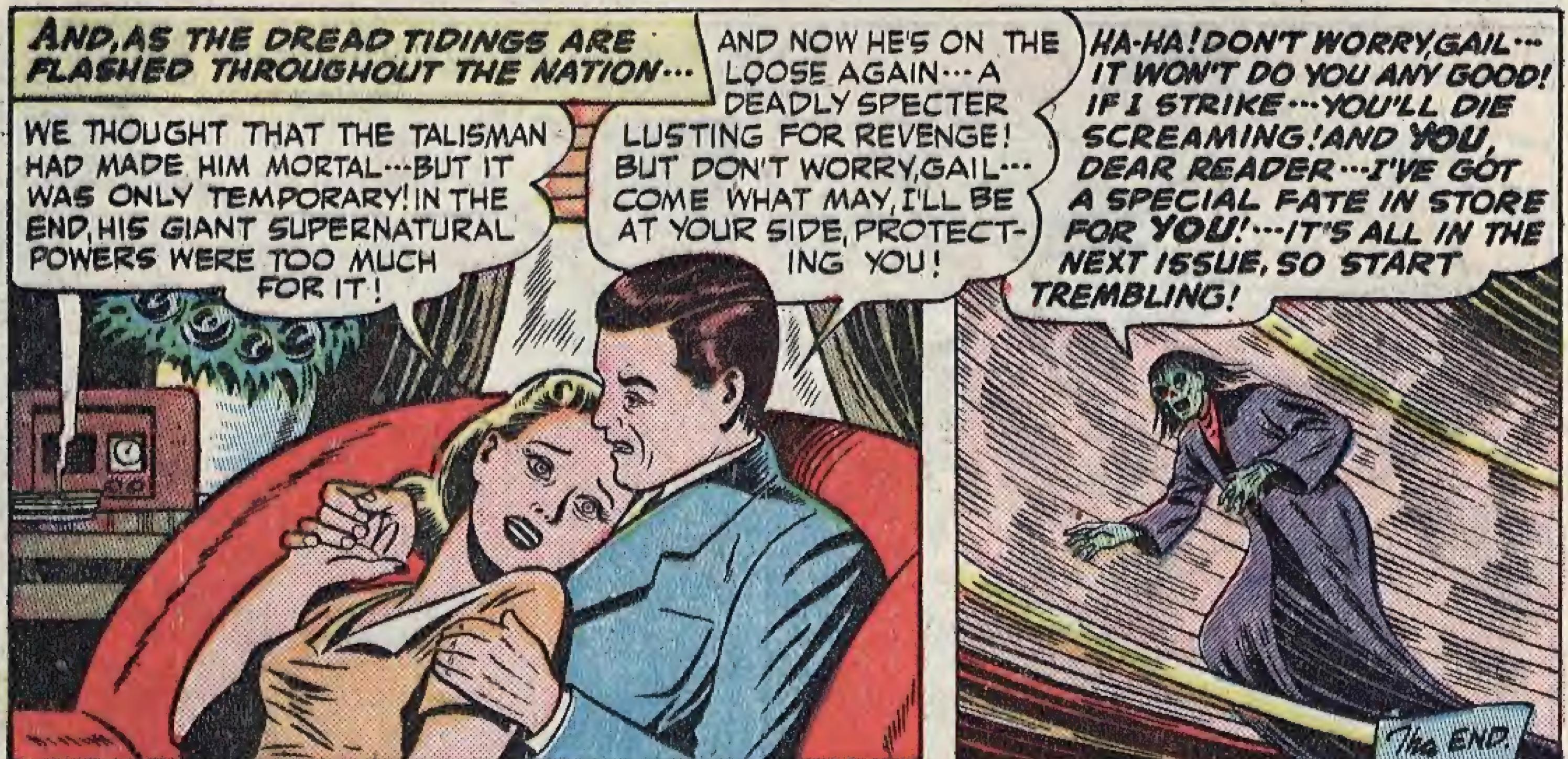
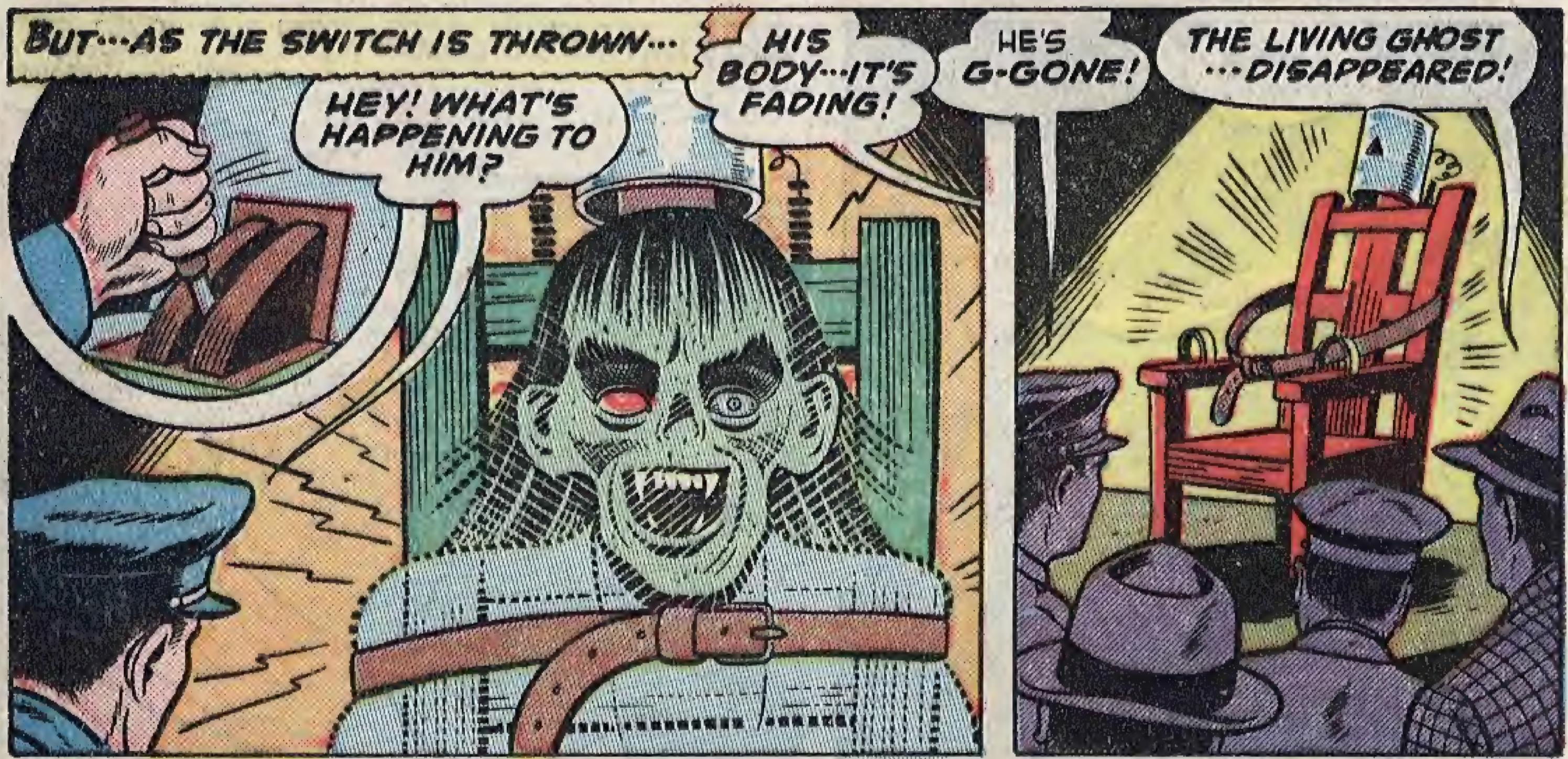
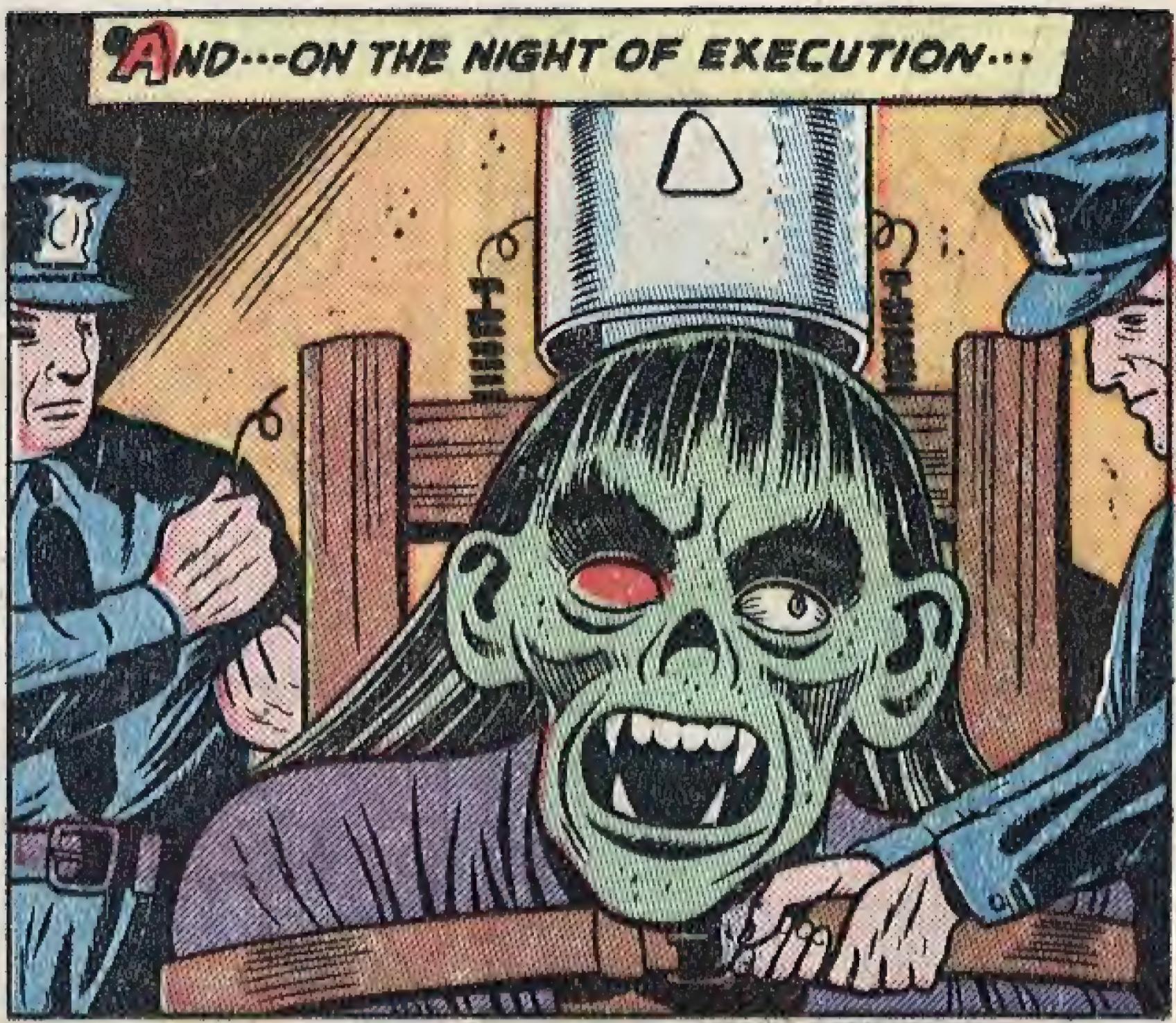
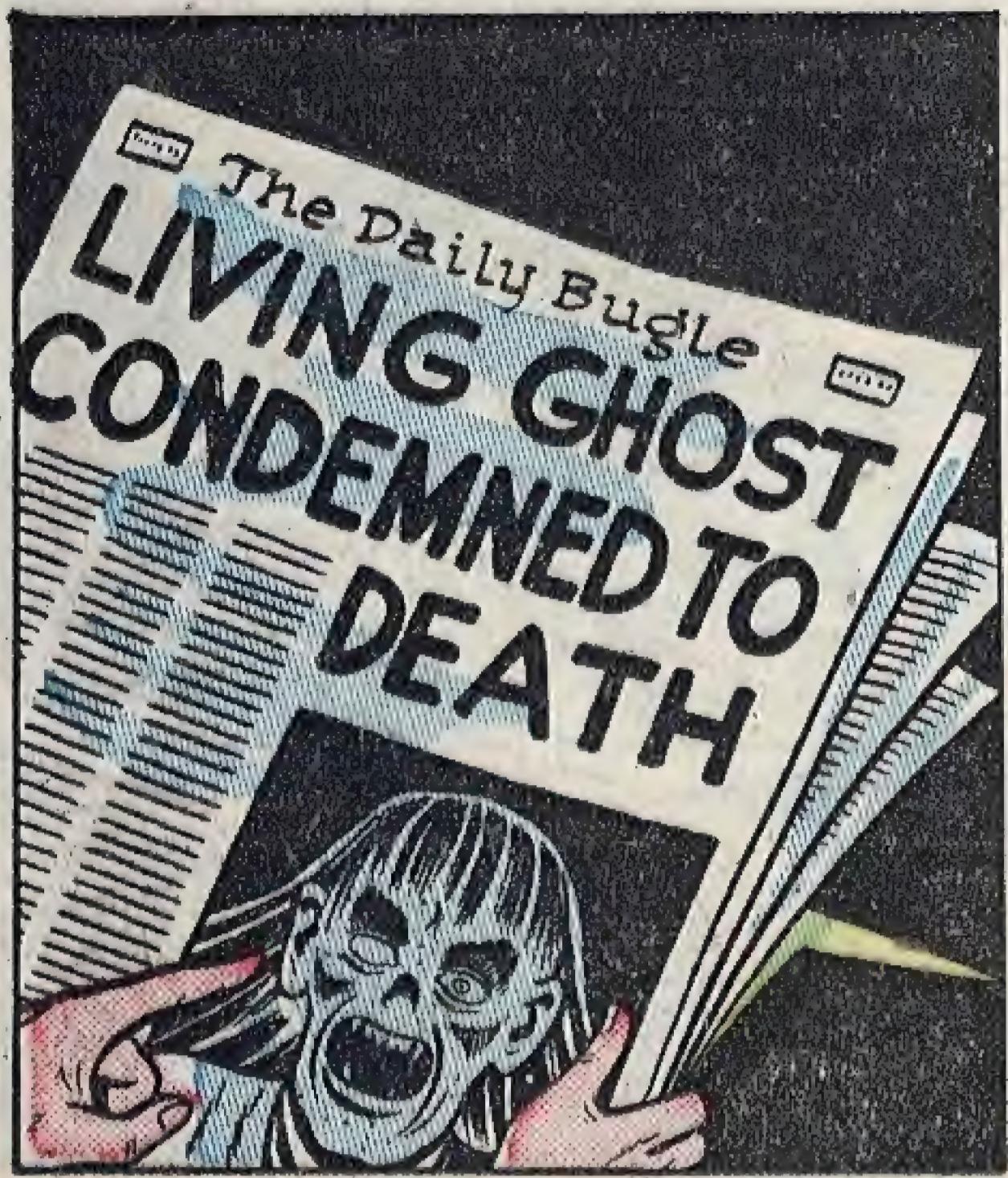
COME AHEAD, GHOST...I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! IT'S MAN TO MAN NOW!





THEN, BEFORE THE LIVING GHOST
CAN RECOVER...





Strange SPIRITS

VOODOO

HE IS OUR ENEMY!
DIE! DIE! AIEE!

BAROOM

BOOMM!

IT'S THE
VOODOO
CURSE!
HE IS
DOOMED!

VOODOO...A STRANGE JUNGLE SUPER-STITION...ACTUALLY HAS BEEN KNOWN TO WORK! IT MIGHT START OUT WITH A WITCH DOCTOR, BEATING OUT A HYMN OF HATE...

THEN A GIANT IMAGE OF THE ENEMY IS MADE--AND PIERCED WITH SPEARS!

AARGG!

RISE, OH CORPSE, AND DO MY BIDDING!

YES, VOODOO KILLS...BUT IT IS SAID THAT IT CAN ALSO RAISE THE DEAD!

AND OFTEN, WHEN A MAN'S IMAGE IS PIERCED...HE DIES!

GLAGG!

UP FROM THE DAMPCLOTTED EARTH COME ZOMBIES--LIVING DEAD MEN WITH THE MOLD OF THE GRAVE UPON THEM! VOODOO SLAVES--READY TO DESTROY!

AT THE VOODOO MASTER'S COMMAND...DEATH! THEN...BACK TO THEIR GRAVES!

VOODOO IS ONLY ONE OF MANY TERRIFYING FOLK BELIEFS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD! WATCH FOR ANOTHER THRILLING 'STRANGE SPIRITS' FEATURE IN OUR NEXT GREAT ISSUE!

The PAINTED GRAVE

JOHN DRAKE shuddered as he stared at the picture. He had painted a masterpiece—but a masterpiece of horror! Dead white eyes it had, and the fangs of a jungle beast. And now it seemed almost alive as it returned his stare from the lighted canvas. It had been human once, and was portrayed standing next to a yawning grave, from which a spade caked with damp earth projected.

Few men possessed the courage to imagine such a thing, much less depict it on canvas. But John Drake was a strange person. Possessed of an artistic genius which lent life to his creations, he was obsessed with an urge to paint only nameless horrors. And in this picture, he had reached the climax of his career! It lived. One could almost smell the damp earth from the open grave. And as to the awful creature that stood there—what was it? Ghoul? Zombie? Drake himself wasn't sure. He looked again—and a wave of dizziness swept over him. He couldn't break away—the thing's glaring eyes seemed to grip him in a hypnotic spell!

It took determination to turn his eyes away, but he finally did it. *Whew!* No doubt about it, he had done his work well. He had surpassed himself; had breathed weird life into the creation on the canvas. Now he had to get away from it; away from that sinister, yawning grave. With a weary shrug, he crossed the room to a mirror and stood regarding himself in the shadows. He saw his face, sensitive and careworn—and behind him, the reflection of the awful picture he had painted. But what was making the room so dark? As though someone had pulled down all the blinds, shutting out the moonlight?

Suddenly the mirror showed him some-

thing else. A shadow, weaving about close to the canvas! But how—how could the picture cast a moving shadow?

Drake's scalp began to tingle. Now his ears sensed footsteps behind him, crossing the floor with a dull, insistent tread. It *couldn't* be! He could find out easily enough, simply by turning. Why couldn't he turn? What was holding him rooted to the floor in the grip of a nameless terror?

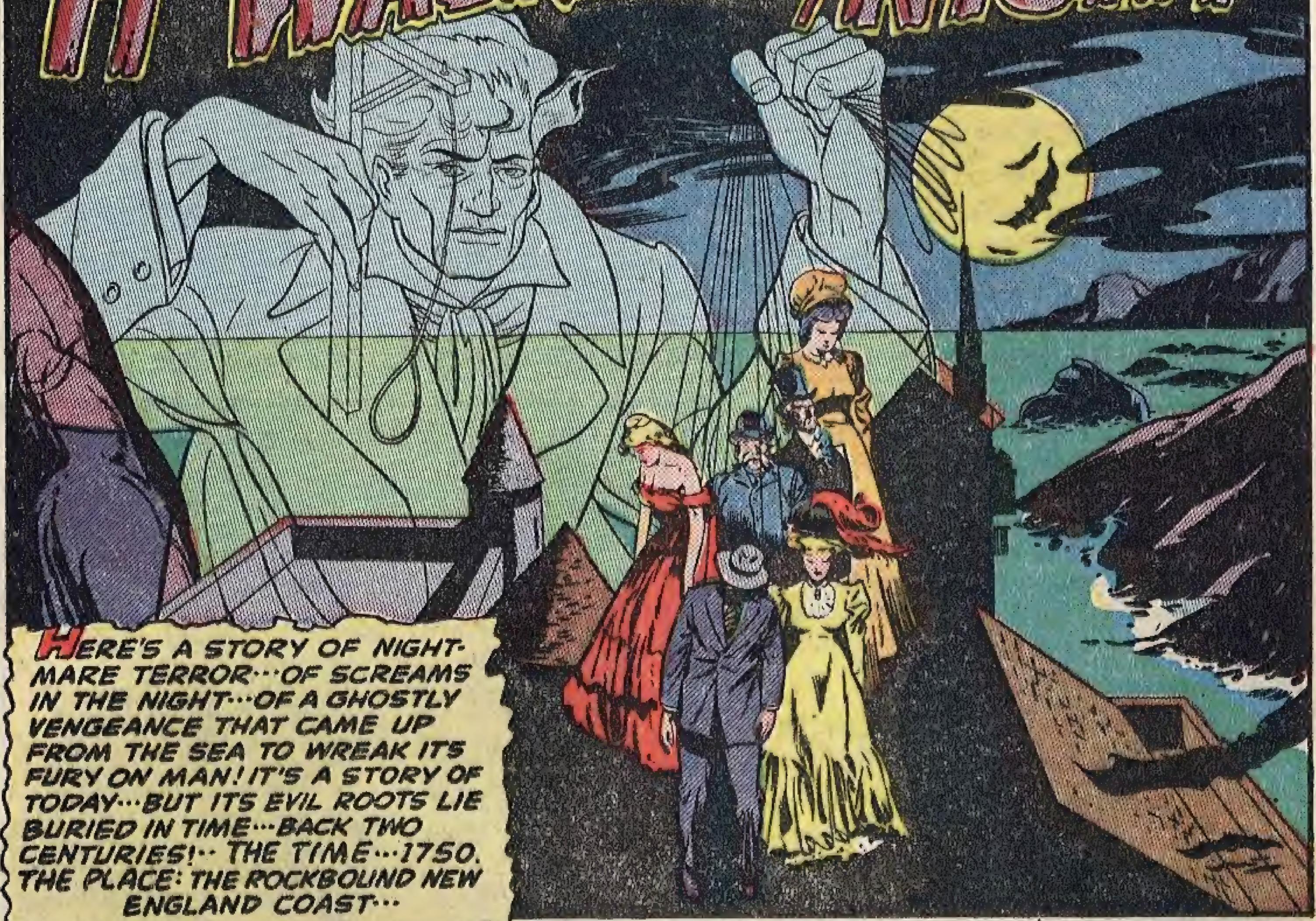
He started to scream even before he saw the face. For the *thing* was standing there, staring at him with glassy eyes, its fangs bared and drooling. Then, with an inhuman screech—it leaped!

Drake fought it with all his strength. Sweat pouring off his face, his neckcords swelling, he struggled frenziedly against claws that raked and tore. But it was too strong for him! Shrieking and struggling, he felt himself being dragged toward the canvas—toward a yawning, painted grave that was *too* realistic!

* * *

The strange mystery of John Drake's disappearance was never solved. It created a sensation for awhile, but was at last forgotten. The police investigated, but finally were forced to admit defeat, closing their files on the great painter. Quite a crowd attended the auctioning off of his canvases, and the highest price was paid for the great masterpiece he had completed just before he dropped from sight, never to be heard of again. It was a graveyard scene, amazingly lifelike in its every detail. There was nothing in the picture—except for a filled grave, with the earth around it trampled as if a struggle had taken place.

IT WALKED by NIGHT



HERE'S A STORY OF NIGHT-MARE TERROR...OF SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...OF A GHOSTLY VENGEANCE THAT CAME UP FROM THE SEA TO WREAK ITS FURY ON MAN! IT'S A STORY OF TODAY...BUT ITS EVIL ROOTS LIE BURIED IN TIME...BACK TWO CENTURIES!... THE TIME...1750. THE PLACE: THE ROCKBOUND NEW ENGLAND COAST...

A GAY BETROTHAL PARTY DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

YOU'RE A STRANGE MAN, SQUIRE ARAM! IT'S NO SECRET THAT YOU LOVED THE GIRL...AND LOST! YET HERE YOU ARE...DRINKING TO THE HAPPY PAIR!

AND WHY NOT? BY GAD, I LIKE PHILIP! HE'S THE RIGHT MAN FOR HER!



BUT DEEP WITHIN A TWISTED AND HATE-FILLED MIND...

PAH! IF I CAN'T HAVE HER... NO ONE CAN!
DEATH TO THAT YOUNG FOOL!

CR-RAK!

AS THE GUESTS DEPART...

I'M WORRIED, PHILIP... THE NIGHT'S SO DARK! WHY NOT RIDE HOME WITH ONE OF THE GUESTS?

NO, DARLING... I'D RATHER WALK! I KNOW EVERY FOOT OF THE SHORE ROAD!

MINUTES LATER... WHERE THE ROAD SKIRTS THE SEA...

HERE HE COMES! ARAM WILL PAY US HANDSOMELY FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

AYE... BUT I LIKE IT NOT!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

THE ROPE... GET IT AROUND HIM!

WHY... HELP!

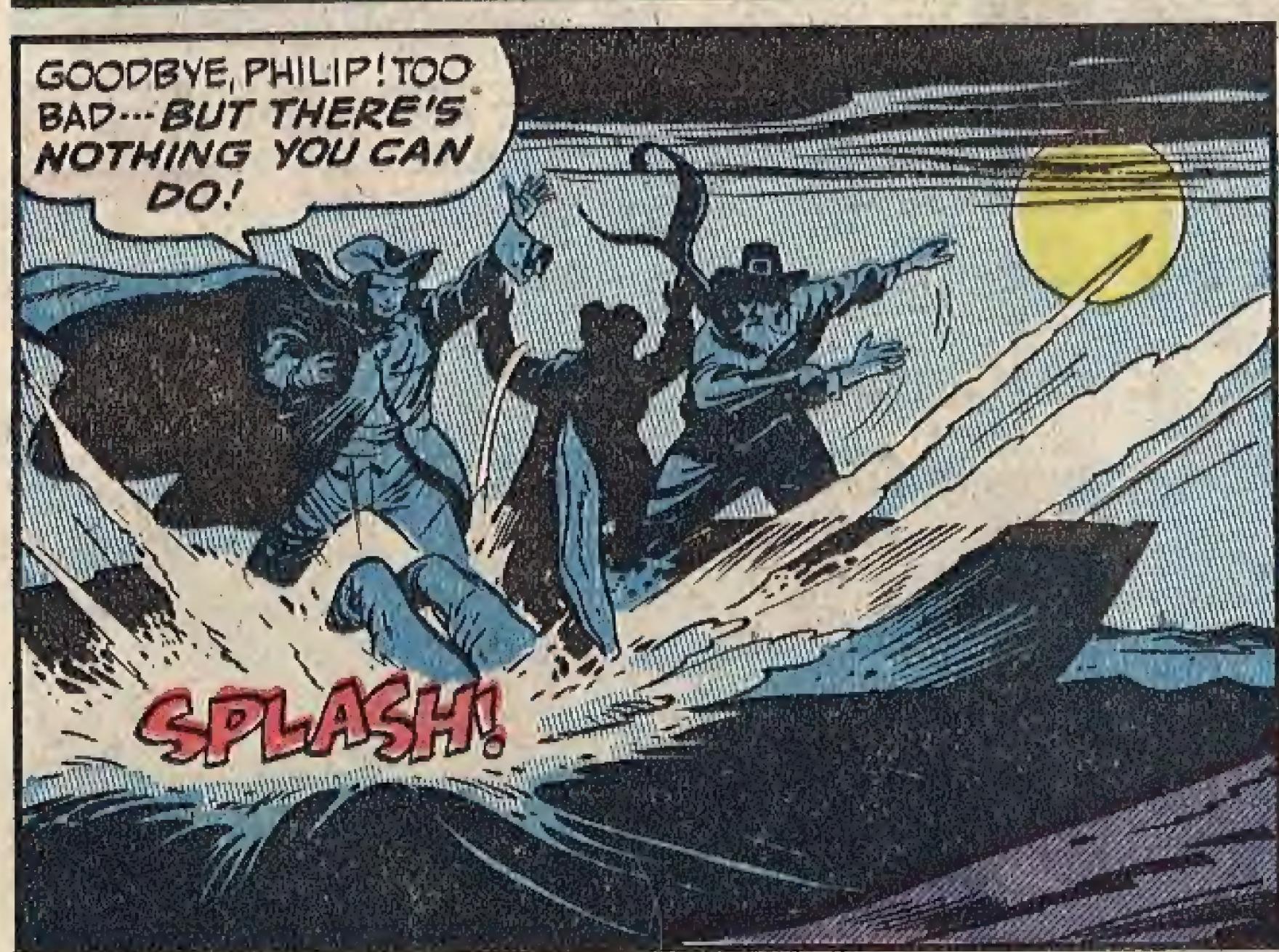
GRIM MOMENTS LATER...

WAIT! I'M GOING WITH YOU! I INTEND TO MAKE SURE YOU KEEP OUR BARGAIN!

S-SQUIRE ARAM!

BEFORE YOU HEAVE HIM OVER... I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT HIS FACE! I'M CURIOUS TO SEE HOW MUCH COURAGE HE HAS LEFT!

HA-HA! YOU'RE A COOL ONE, SQUIRE!



A WEEK LATER...SQUIRE ARAM IS STRICKEN WITH A STRANGE ILLNESS!

SALT! MY MOUTH... CHOKED WITH SALT! BRING ME SOMETHING TO DRINK THAT HAS NOT THE TASTE OF THE SEA!

STRANGE! HE HAS HAD NOTHING TO EAT OR DRINK! HE CANNOT SWALLOW!

HE IS GONE! HE HAD NO FEVER...YET HIS BODY IS HIDEOUSLY WASTED! AND AS HE DIED, HIS EYES GREW BRIGHT AND WILD...AS THROUGH SOME GREAT FEAR HAD COME INTO HIS SOUL!

THERE'S A STORM AT SEA! THE CASEMENT BLEW OPEN! UH... THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE!

A CENTURY PASSES OVER ARAM HOUSE...LIKE A GREAT DARK BIRD OF THE SEA! THE YEAR IS NOW 1950!

GENERATIONS OF THE ARAM FAMILY HAVE PAID FOR THE CURSE WITH THEIR LIVES! SQUIRE ARAM'S GREAT GRANDNIECE LIVES THERE NOW! HER FATHER WAS...CLAWED TO DEATH!

BRRR! LET'S GET BACK TO THE INN, MAN!

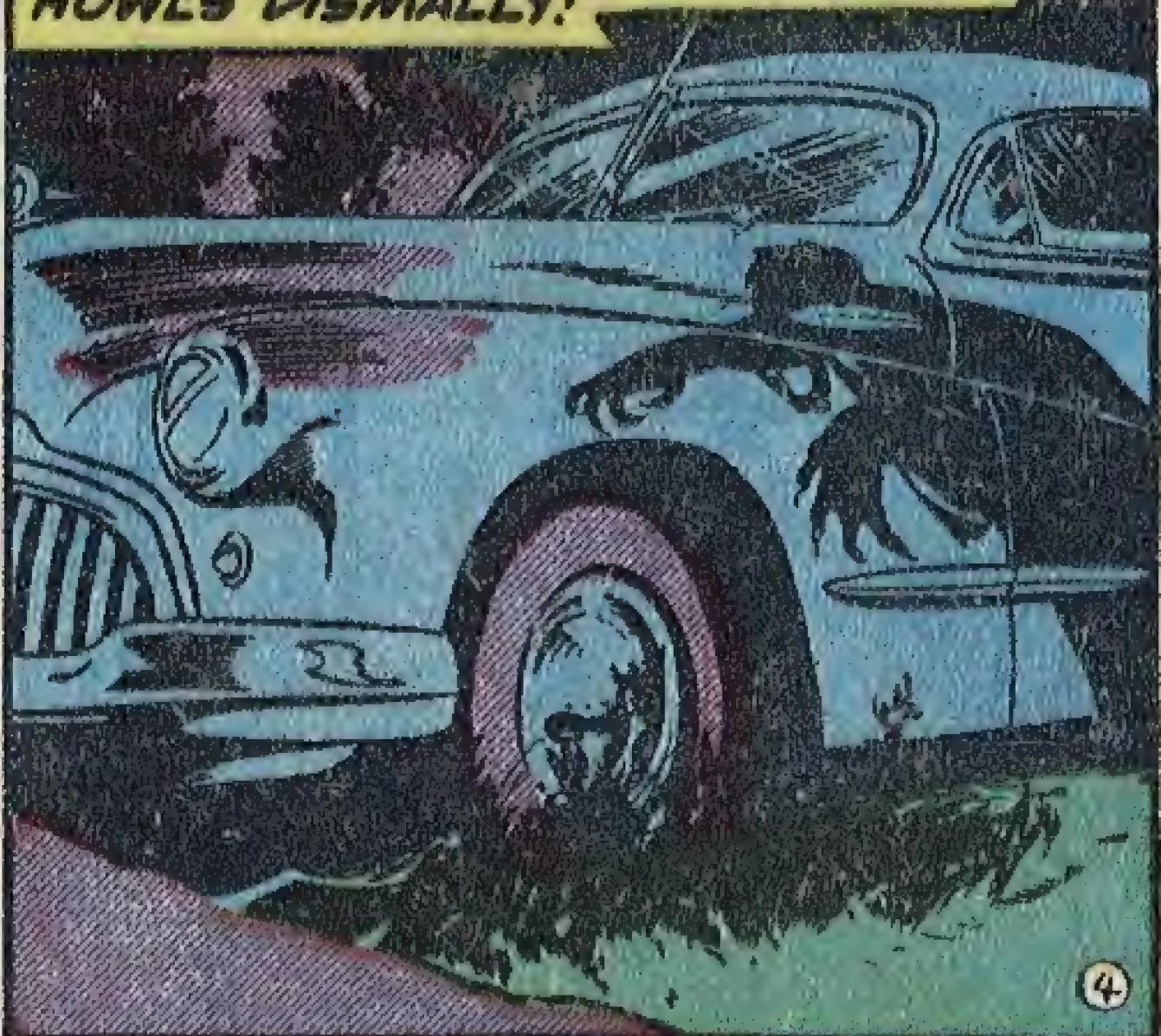
1948...AND ONCE MORE THE OLD HOUSE BLAZES WITH LIGHT AND GAIETY!

MM, THE SEA AIR SMELLS GOOD! THIS PLACE HAS BEEN BOARDED UP FOR YEARS -- BUT MAKING A RESORT HOTEL OF IT WAS A SWELL IDEA, SYLVIA!

I HEAR IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED! WHAT A WAY TO START A HONEYMOON, ROGER!

LIGHT AND GAIETY YES! BUT IT IS SAID THAT THE SEA IS STILL RESTLESS AROUND THIS BLEAK DWELLING! AS THE YOUNG COUPLE ENTERS...

IT IS SAID THAT THE GHOST OF A MAN LONG DEAD PACES THE HOUSE...PACES IN SILENT FURY...WHILE THE WIND HOWLS DISMALLY!



OR IS IT JUST THE MOONLIGHT...WEAVING PATTERNS
OF TERROR? FOR INSIDE, WE FIND A VERY DIFFERENT
WORLD!

YOU'VE DONE
THAT ALREADY,
MR. TENANT!

NOTHING SCARY ABOUT THAT
DANCE ORCHESTRA, SYLVIA! OR THE
GUESTS! THEY'RE HAVING THE TIME
OF THEIR LIVES! OH-OH! HERE COMES
THE PROPRIETOR!

WE'RE NOT DO-
ING SO BADLY, ARE WE? CON-
FIDENTIALLY, I BOUGHT THIS
HOTEL FOR A SONG...BUT
I EXPECT TO MAKE A
GOOD THING OUT OF IT!



SUDDENLY...

AAAGHH! IT'S
THE GHOST! HE
...HE'S OUTSIDE
THAT WINDOW!



ROGER, I'M GOING
AFTER THAT GHASTLY
THING...WHATEVER
IT IS!

I'LL GO WITH
YOU, KEN!



LOOK, ROGER! LET'S
SEPARATE! I'LL TAKE
THE SHORE ROAD AND
YOU CAN KEEP TO THE
TOP OF THE CLIFF!

RIGHT! NEVER
THOUGHT I'D GO
GHOST-HUNTING
ON MY WEDDING
NIGHT!



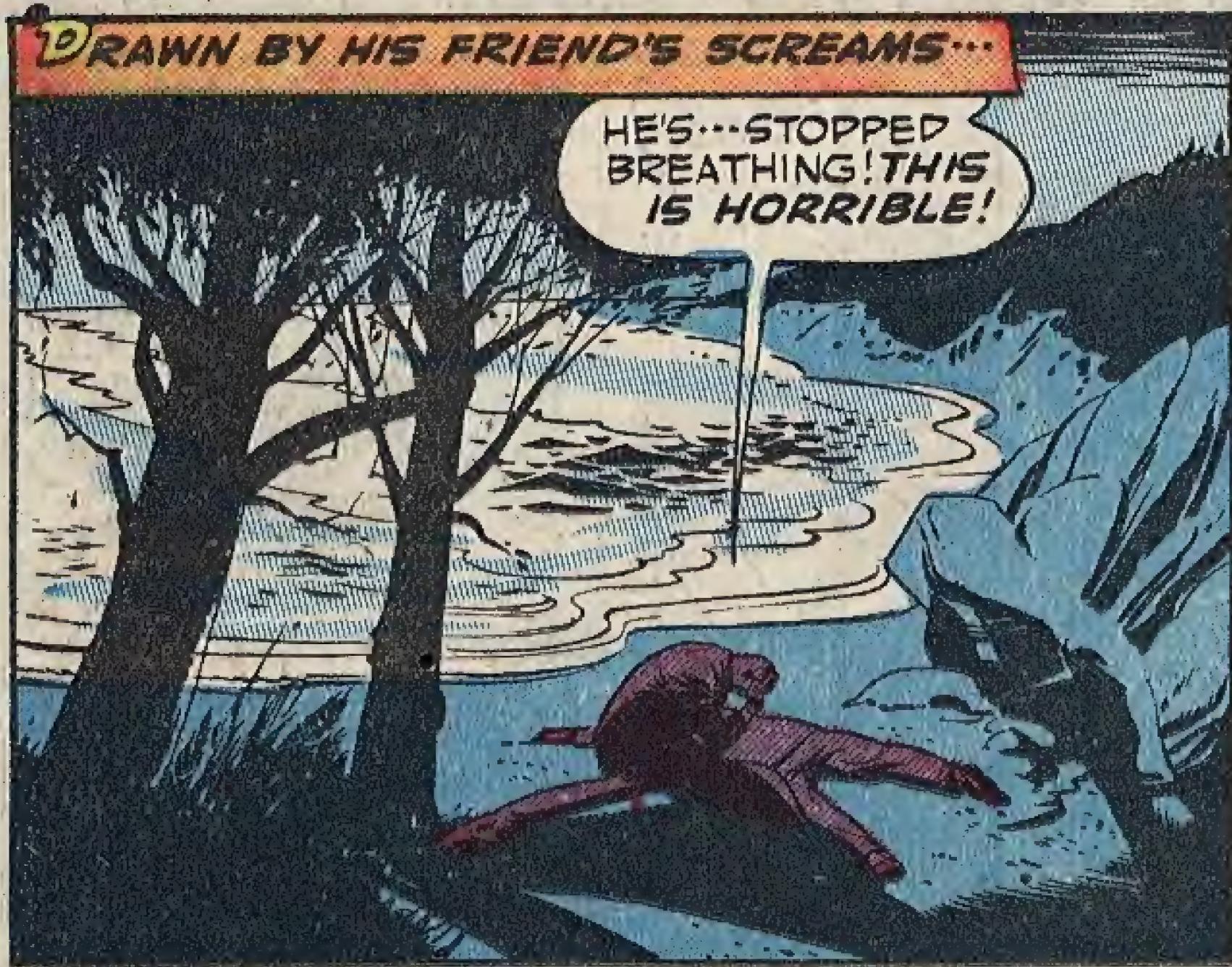
ON THE SHORE ROAD...A MOMENT LATER...

THIS PLACE IS AS SPOOKY AS A CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT! THOSE BIG FLAT STONES LOOK JUST LIKE... GRAVE MARKERS!



DRAWN BY HIS FRIEND'S SCREAMS...

HE'S...STOPPED BREATHING! THIS IS HORRIBLE!



HALF-HOUR LATER...ROGER RETURNS TO ARAM HOUSE...

ROGER! WHERE DID YOU GO? WHERE'S KEN? HE WAS... CLAWED TO DEATH, SYLVIA! MY BEST FRIEND... KILLED BY A GHOST!



LATER THAT NIGHT...IN JOHN TENANT'S OFFICE...

THE GUESTS ARE ALL LEAVING! CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM! BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!

I'M AFRAID I DO, JOHN!



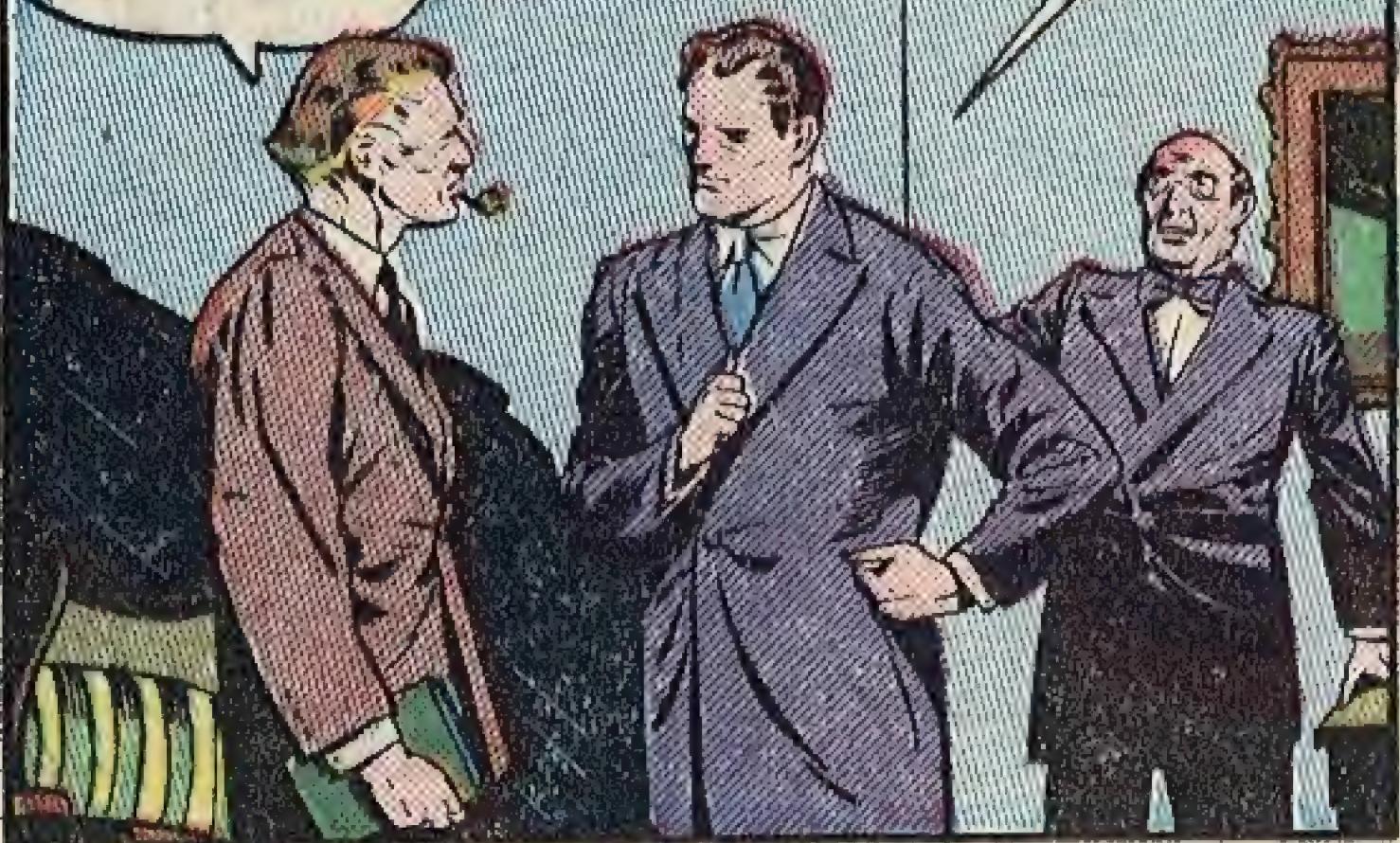
IT MEANS I'LL LOSE EVERY CENT I PUT IN THIS PLACE!

THE PICTURE'S NOT AS BLACK AS THAT, MR. TENANT! I'VE PERSUADED HALF THE GUESTS TO STAY!



DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE MET...I'M STEPHEN CAREW! AS AN ANTIQUARIAN, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THE ARAM GHOST IS GRIMLY REAL! I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT! NO ONE CAN! BUT...

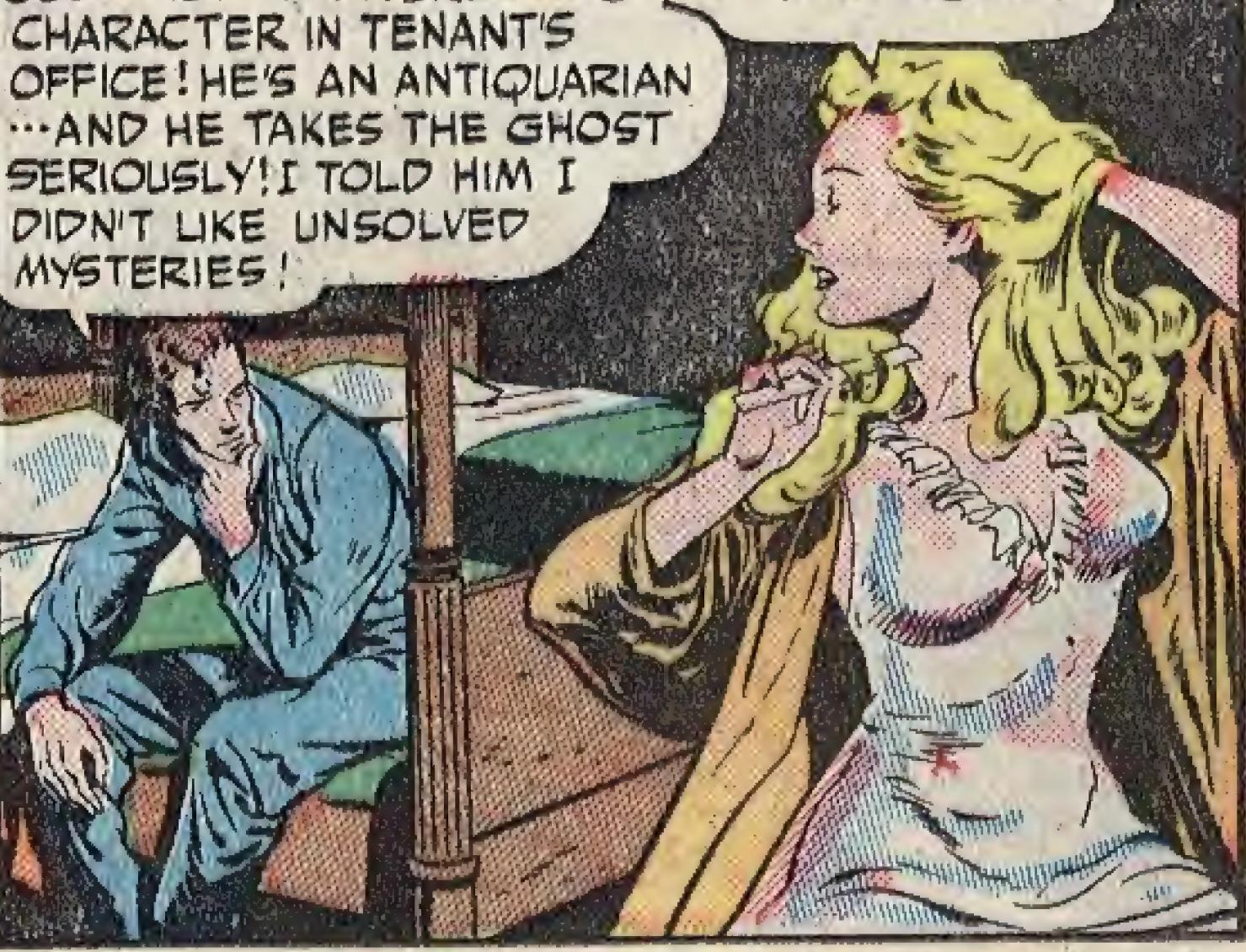
I SAW MY BEST FRIEND DIE! I'M STAYING ON UNTIL I GET AT THE TRUTH!



A LITTLE LATER...

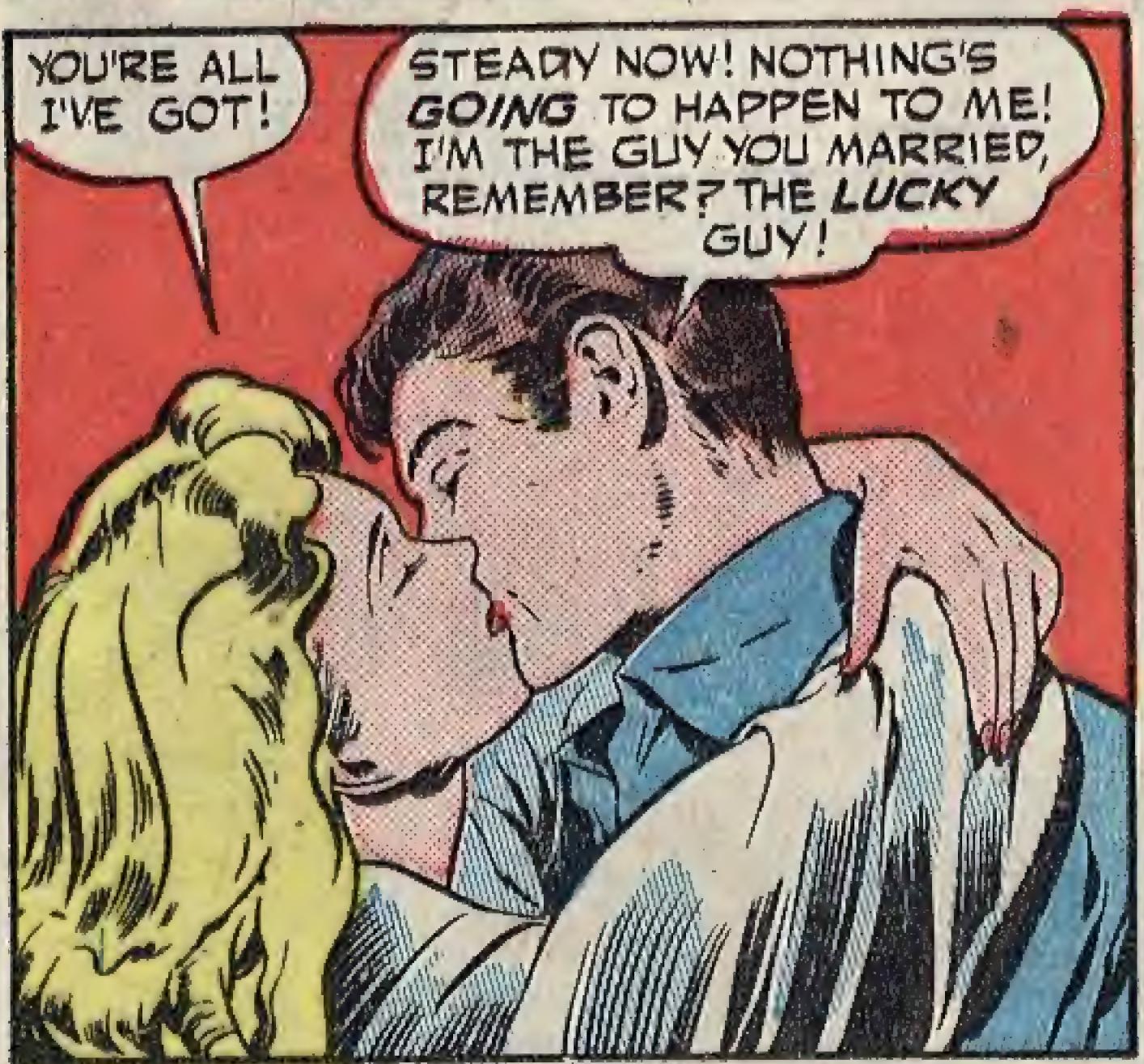
JUST MET AN INTERESTING CHARACTER IN TENANT'S OFFICE! HE'S AN ANTIQUARIAN...AND HE TAKES THE GHOST SERIOUSLY! I TOLD HIM I DIDN'T LIKE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES!

PLEASE, ROGER... DON'T PUT YOURSELF IN DANGER!



YOU'RE ALL I'VE GOT!

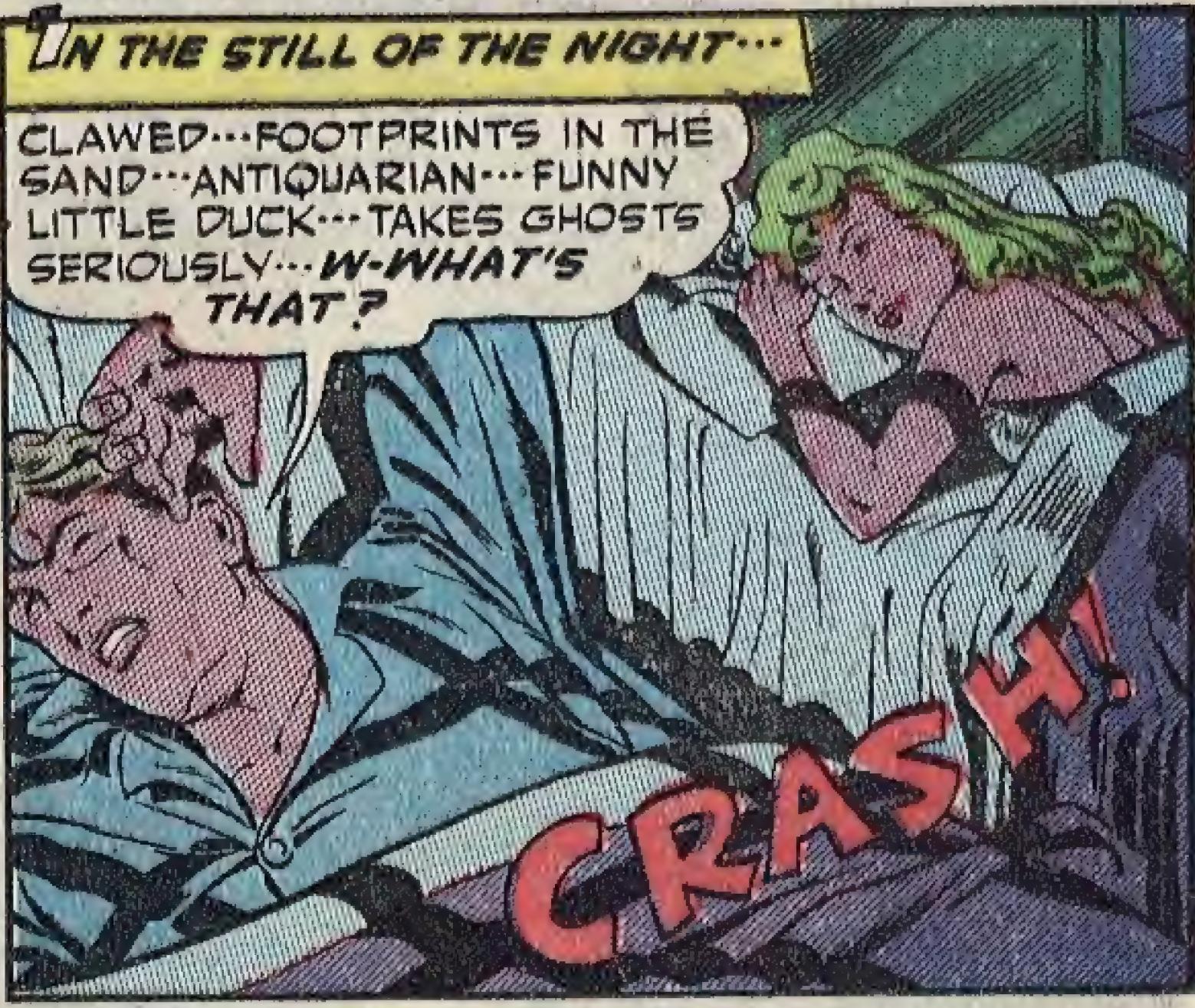
STEADY NOW! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME! I'M THE GUY YOU MARRIED, REMEMBER? THE LUCKY GUY!



IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT...

CLAWED...FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND...ANTIQUARIAN...FUNNY LITTLE DUCK...TAKES GHOSTS SERIOUSLY...W-WHAT'S THAT?

CRASH!



THE GHOST...THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT! IT MUST HAVE SENT A BOULDER CRASHING! WELL...IT'S AN UNUSUALLY FINE NIGHT FOR A SHOWDOWN!

W-WHERE DID HE GO? WAS IT BECAUSE HE COULDN'T SLEEP OR DID HE...I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

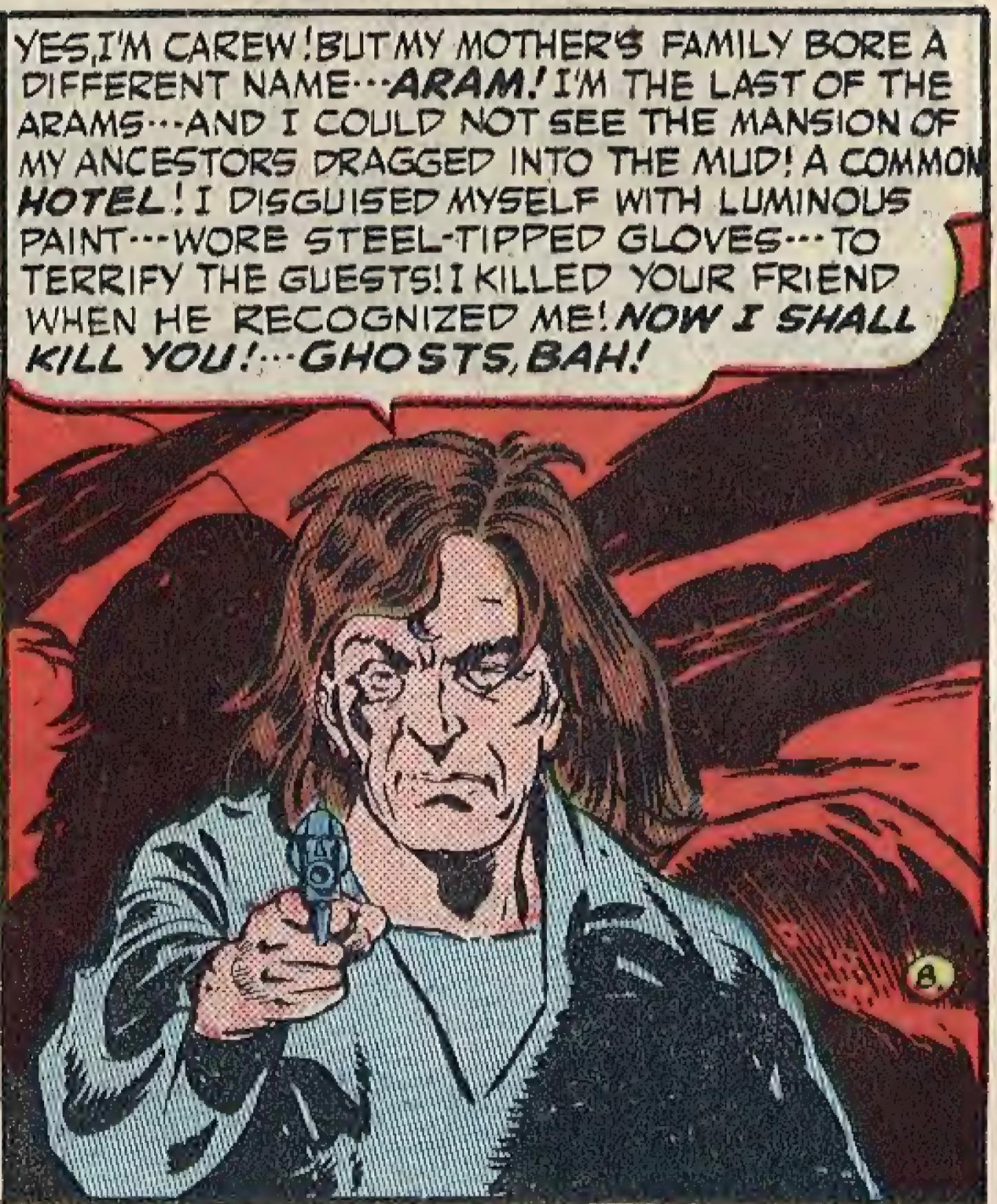
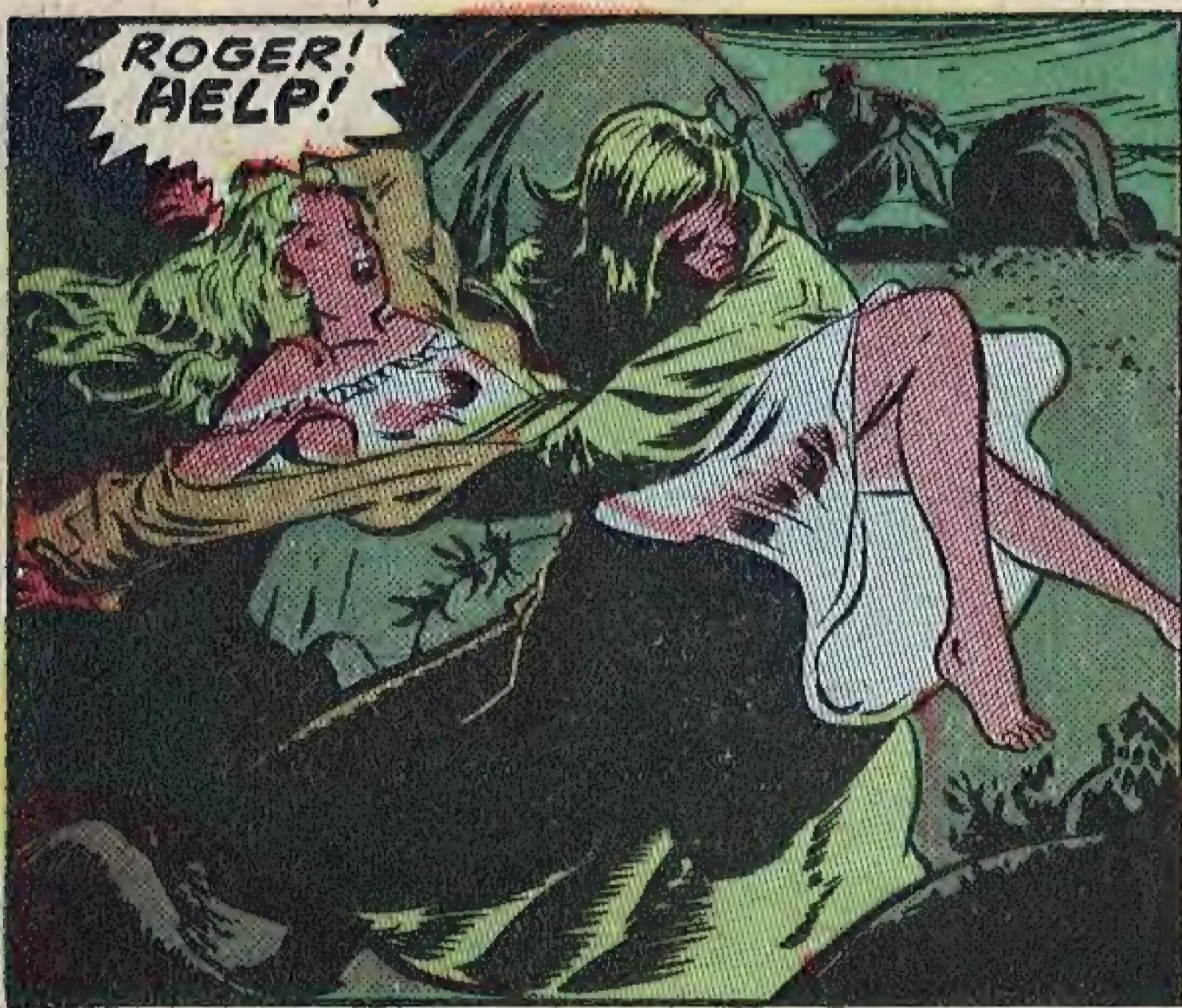
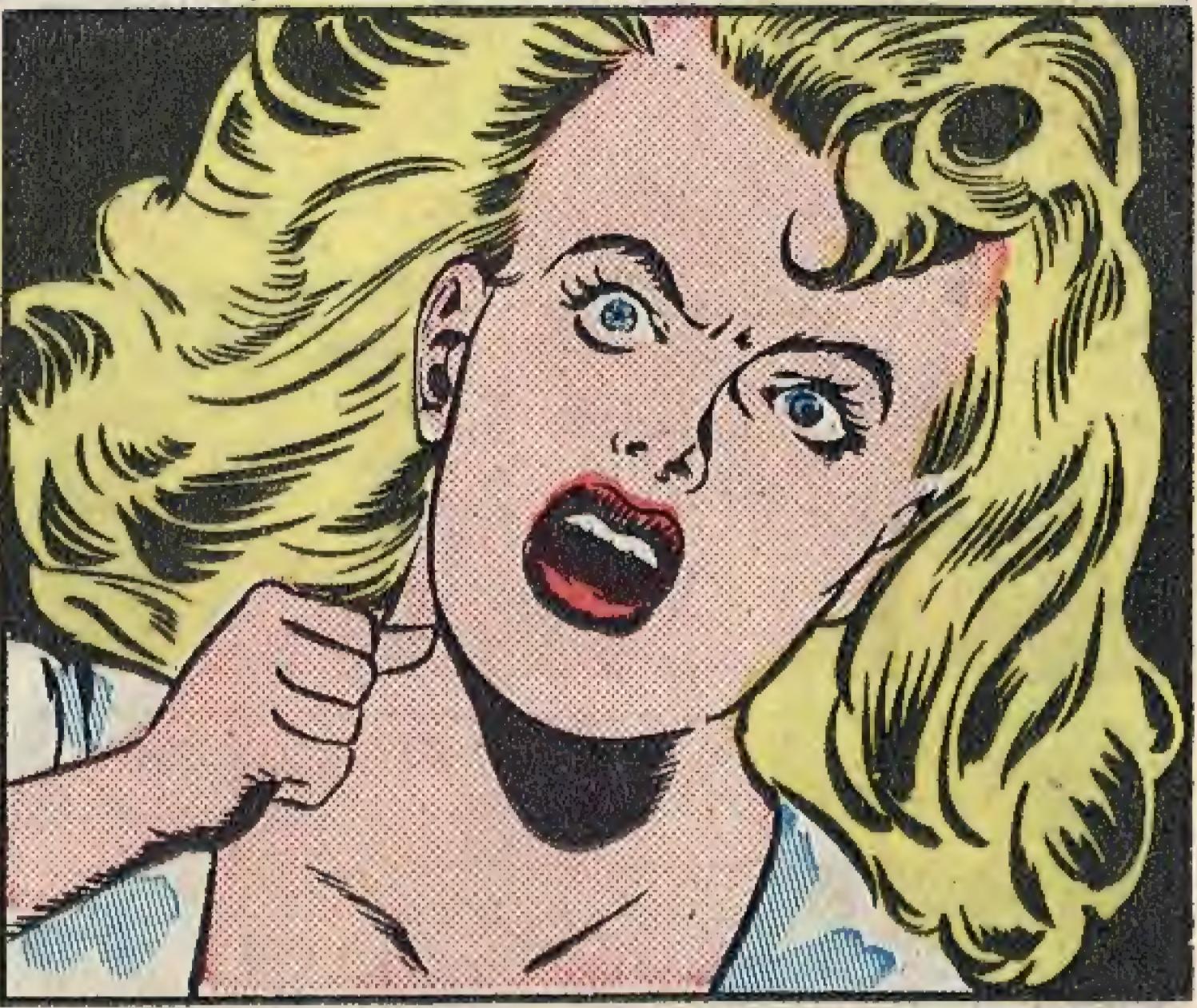


ROGER!
ROGER!



“TERROR-SHADOWED INSTANTS
LATER...ON THE SHORE ROAD...

OH, WHERE IS HE? HE
COULD HAVE GONE IN
ANY ONE OF A DOZEN
DIRECTIONS!





The Cursed Pistol

CAN A CURSE ATTACH TO A THING OF DEAD WOOD AND METAL, TRANSFORMING IT TO AN INSTRUMENT OF GHOSTLY VENGEANCE? READ HOW DOOM STRUCK THROUGH THE AGES!

IN 1667, THE CHEVALIER DE FRAISE ENGAGED IN A DEADLY DUEL...

A CURSE ON THE PISTOL THAT SLEW MY SON! MAY IT STRIKE THROUGH THE CENTURIES AT YOU AND YOURS!

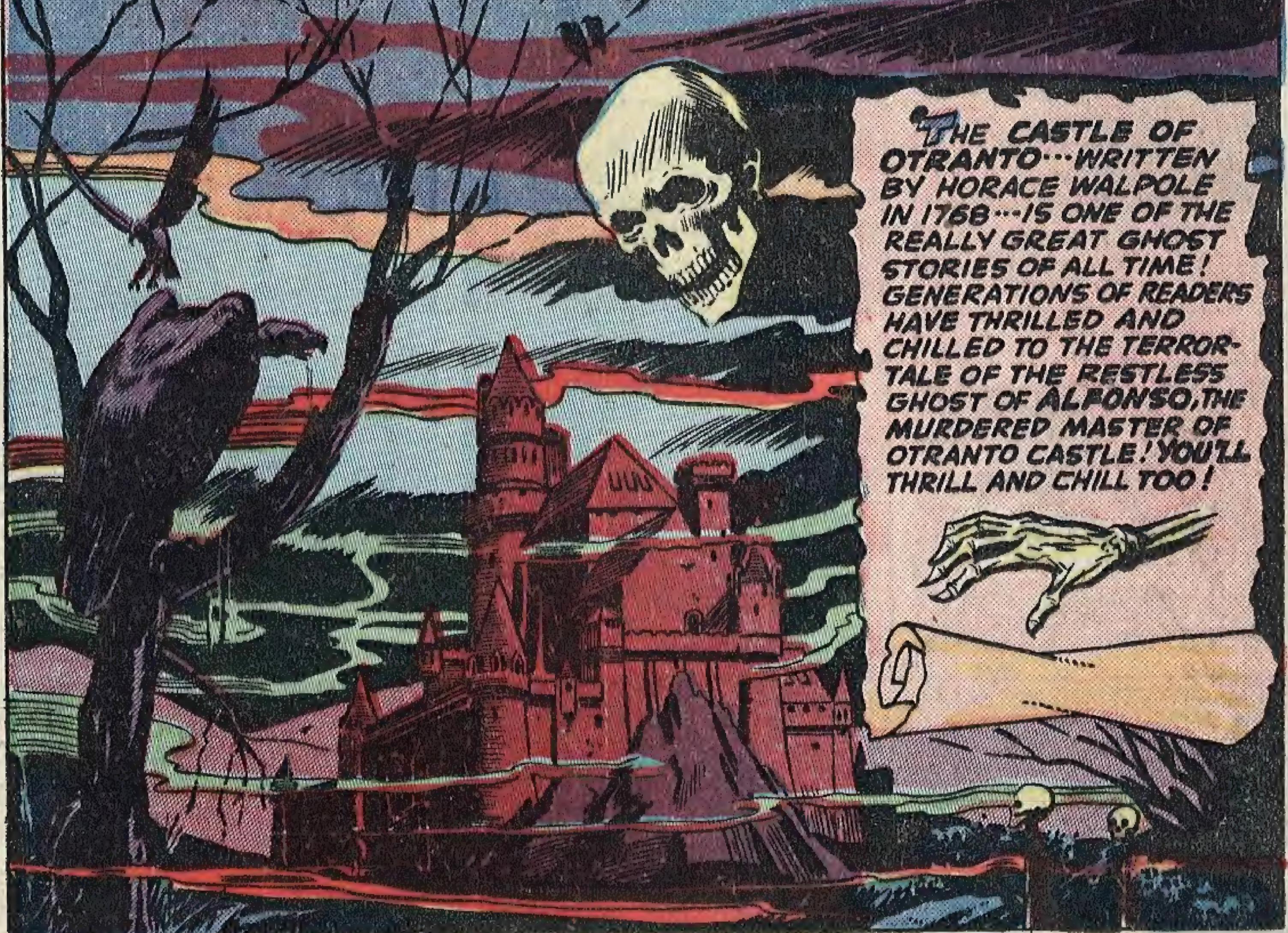
I FEAR NOT YOUR WORDS, OLD ONE!



ACCIDENTS... OR A GHOSTLY CURSE?

TELL ME A GHOST STORY

The CASTLE of OTRANTO



THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO...WRITTEN BY HORACE WALPOLE IN 1764...IS ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT GHOST STORIES OF ALL TIME! GENERATIONS OF READERS HAVE THRILLED AND CHILLED TO THE TERRORTALE OF THE RESTLESS GHOST OF ALPHONSE, THE MURDERED MASTER OF OTRANTO CASTLE! YOU'LL THRILL AND CHILL TOO!

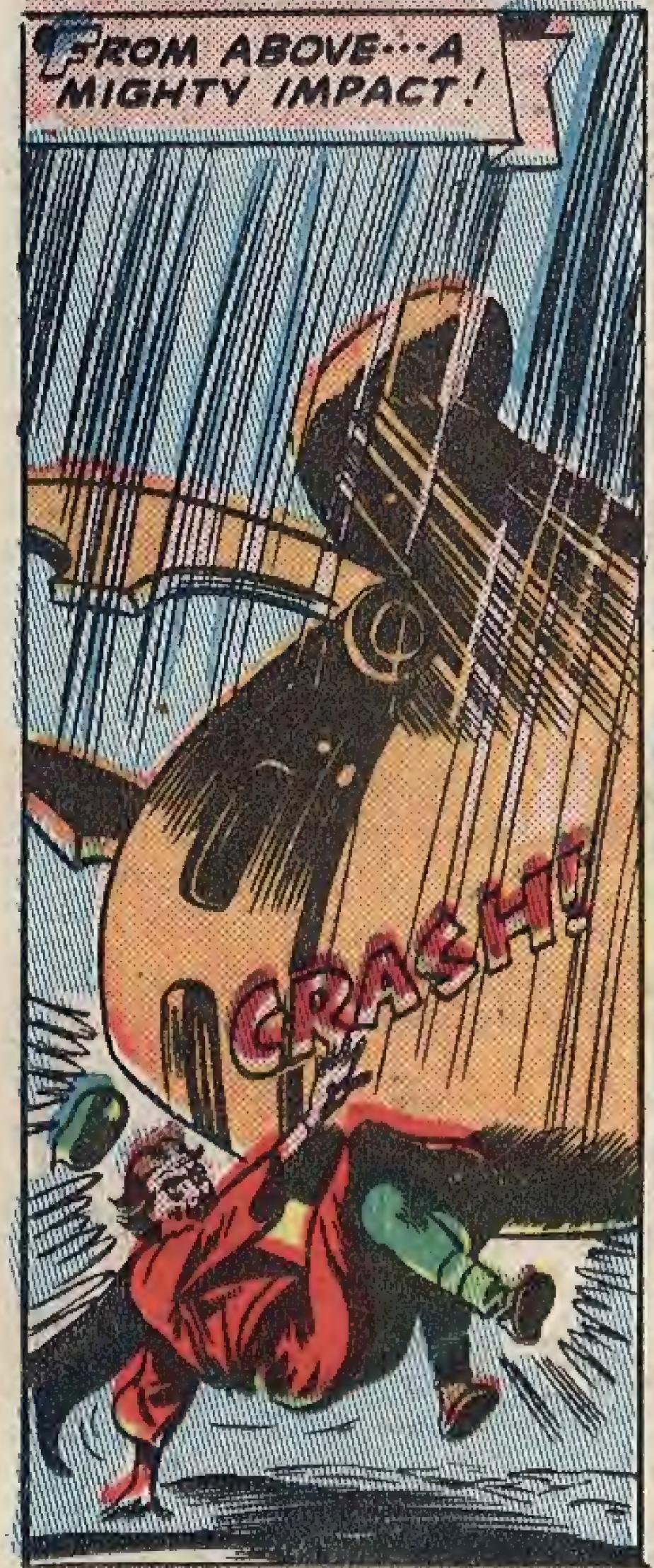
THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO WAS BUILT IN THE DAYS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! IN THE DISMAL COURTYARD...AS HIGH, BLEAK TURRETS CATCH THE SUNLIGHT...

YES, I'M HEIR TO THIS CURSED CASTLE...BUT A SLAVE TO ITS OWNER, MY UNCLE MANFRED! AND AT HIS WISH I MUST MARRY A GIRL I'VE NEVER SEEN...BECAUSE HER NOBLE FAMILY PLEASES HIM! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN...



Suddenly...WHAT? A GREAT SHADOW...SWEEPING DOWN UPON ME! AHHH!





I CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, MY DEAR!
YOU CAME TO MARRY A YOUNG MAN...
BUT I FLATTER MYSELF I STILL HAVE
THE VIGOR OF YOUTH!

Y-YOU'VE
BEEN
KIND...

Suddenly...

MASTER! ALFONSO'S
PORTRAIT HAS LEFT ITS
FRAME! IT WALKS... WITH
DEATH'S SCYTHE IN
ITS HAND!

I FEAR IT
NOT! I... I'LL
SLASH THE
CANVAS...
BURN THE
FRAME!

ISABELLA FINDS HERSELF
ALONE IN THE BANQUET HALL!

C-CAN THE CASTLE REALLY
BE HAUNTED? IF EVER I SAW
TERROR IN A MAN'S EYES...

SPARE ME! IT WAS NOT I WHO DROVE A
DAGGER INTO YOUR HEART AND ROBBED
YOU OF WHAT WAS RIGHTFULLY YOURS!
YOUR BLOOD IS ON THE HEAD OF A
DEAD MAN... MANFRED'S ANCESTOR!

OH!



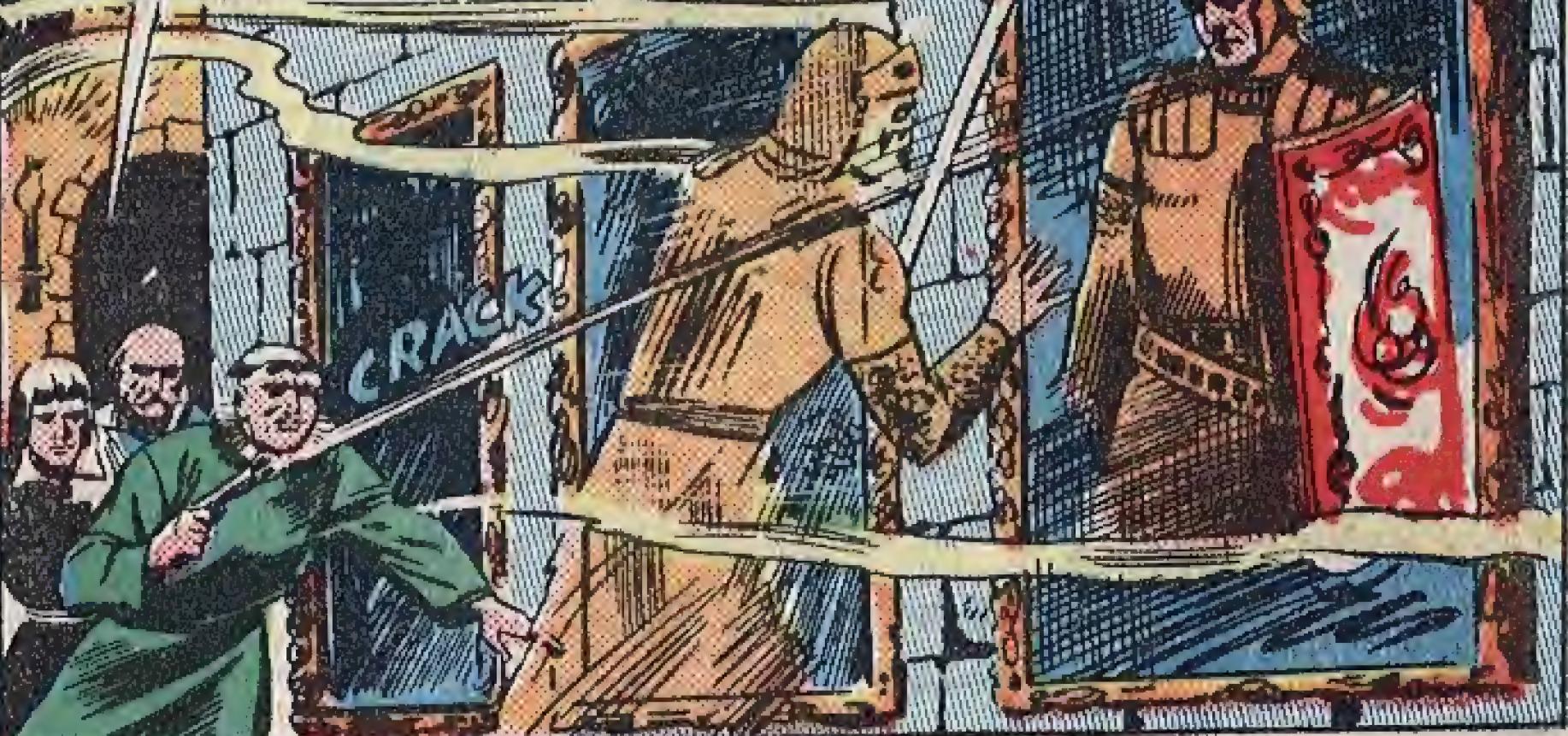


MY NAME'S THEODORE AND I
...LISTEN! THE VAULT'S
SHAKING! ALFONSO'S
GHOST MUST BE MOVING
ABOUT IN THE PORTRAIT
GALLERY! IT'S DIRECTLY
OVERHEAD!

I...I SAW IT!
IT SPOKE
TO ME!

AT THAT INSTANT...IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY...

THERE IT
GOES,MASTER
...BACK INTO
ITS FRAME!



IT'S ARLEN! HE'S DEAD
...CUT DOWN BY THE
SCYTHE! WHY DOES
THE GHOST NEVER
ATTACK YOU?

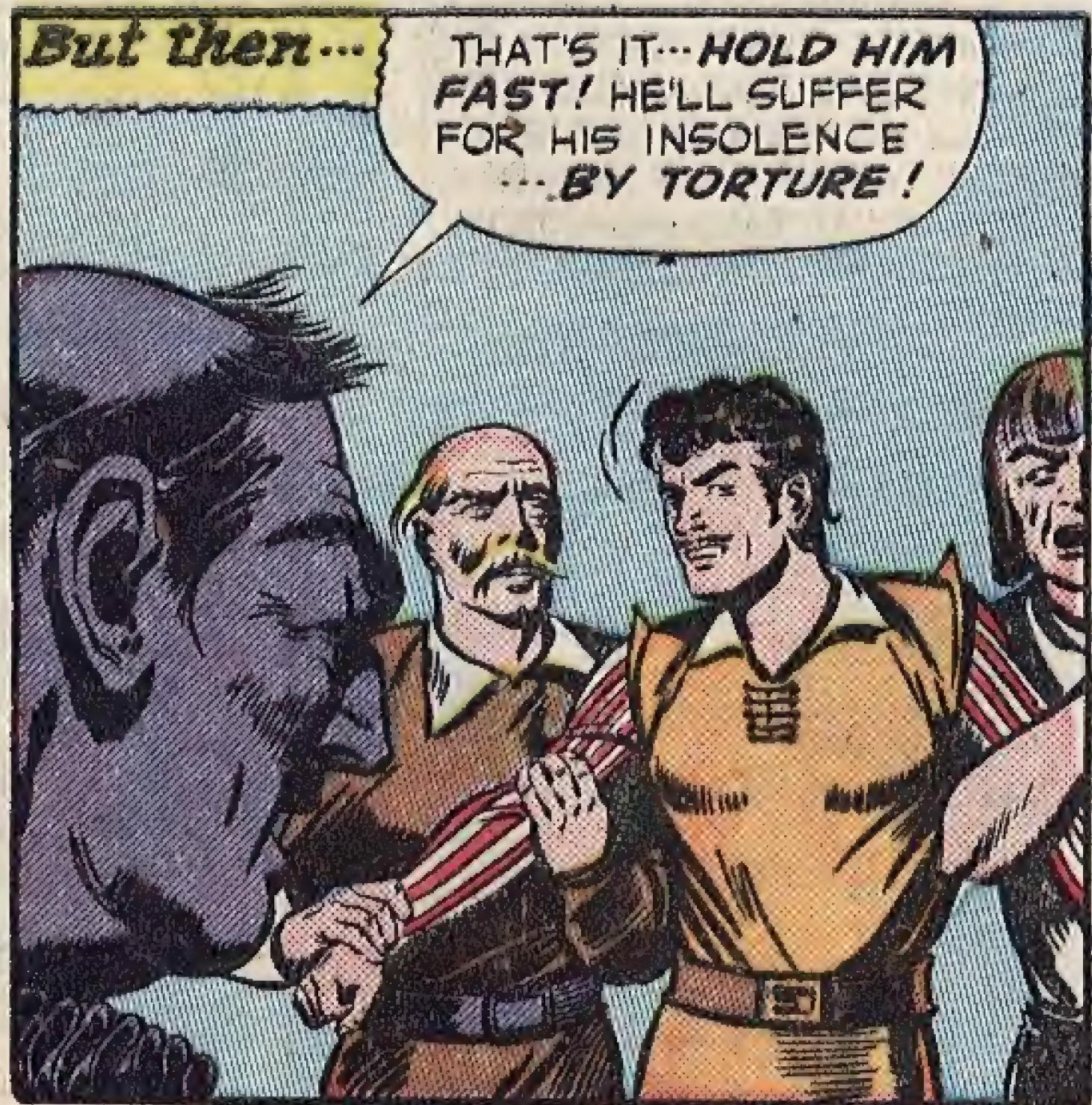
I TOLD YOU WHY,
FOOL! I DO NOT
FEAR IT!...THAT
GIRL! WHERE
IS SHE?

THE BURIAL VAULT!
SO THAT'S WHERE SHE
WENT! BRING TORCHES...
HURRY! I'M GOING
AFTER HER!



YOU DARE TO SPEAK
TO ME THUS? FOR
THAT...I WILL HAVE
YOUR LIFE!





I CAME TO THIS CASTLE KNOWING IT WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE! SEE...I BEAR THE SEAL OF OUR HOUSE UPON MY FLESH! AN ARROW...SPEEDING TRUE TO ITS MARK!

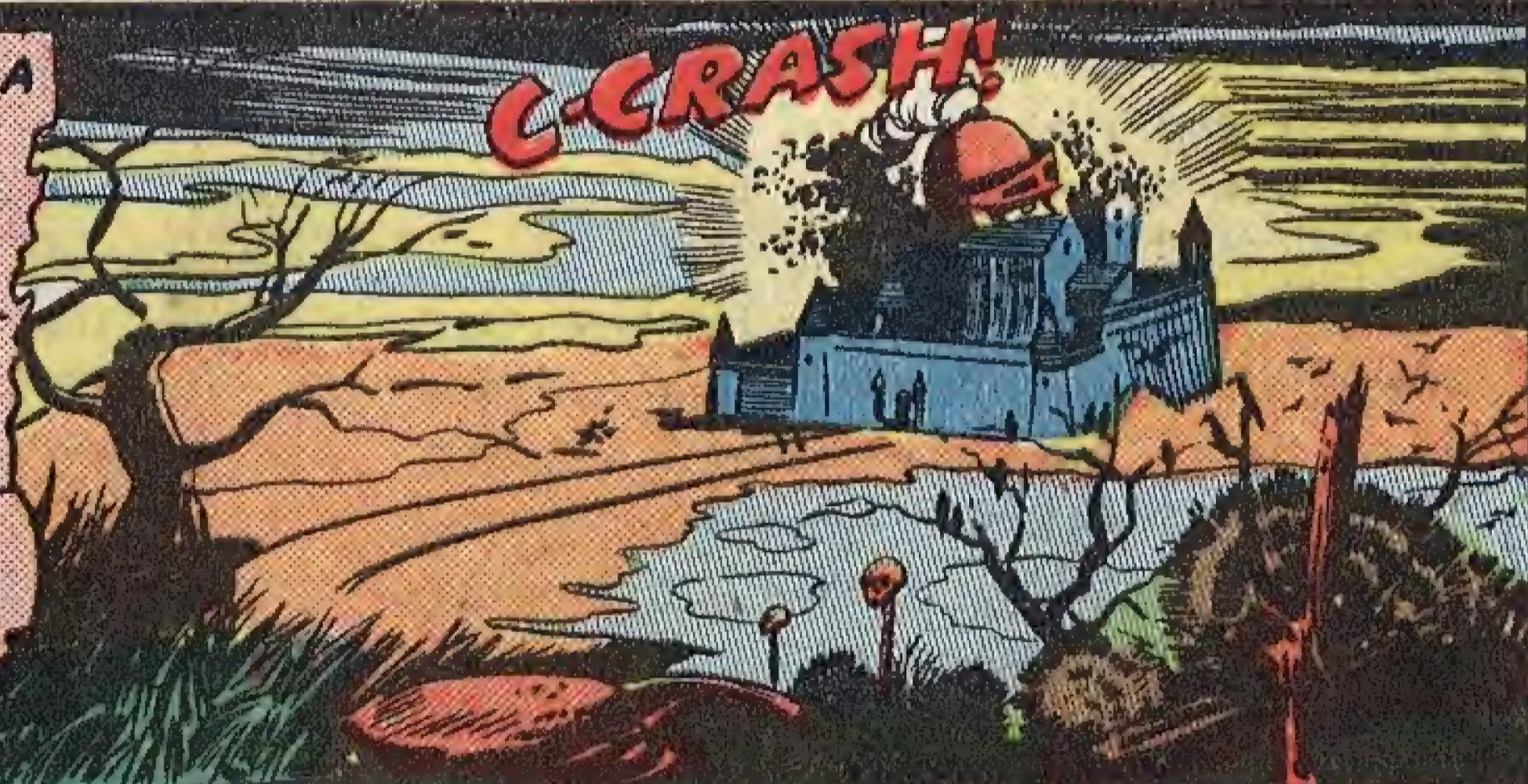
THEN YOU ARE MY HEIR! YOUR HERITAGE...COURAGE...AND THE RIGHT TO WALK IN THE SUNLIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN!

AS FOR YOU...MY VENGEANCE WILL BE QUICKLY SATISFIED! ...DIE, MANFRED!

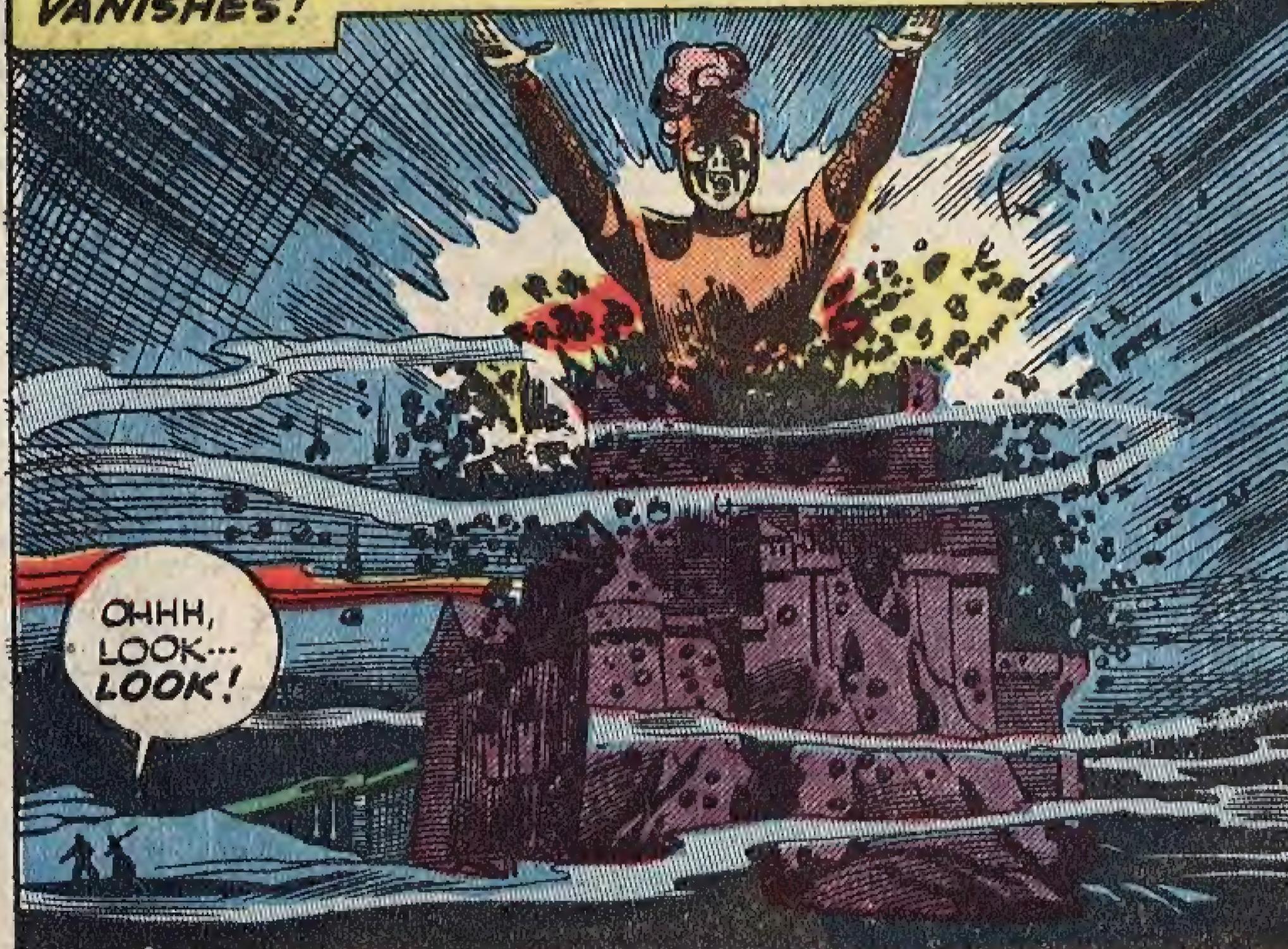
THE CASTLE WOULD DO YOU NO GOOD, LAD! IT IS STAINED WITH BLOOD AND TEARS! I WILL GROW SWIFTLY LARGER! YOU MUST GO...BEFORE MY SPIRIT LEAVES THE EARTH FOREVER!



AS THEODORE AND ISABELLA FLEE, AGHAST, A TREMOR SHAKES THE EARTH AND THE CASTLE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE! ITS MIGHTY WALLS RUSH ASUNDER--AND THE DARK BATTLE-MENTS CRASH TO THE PLAIN!



FOR AN INSTANT...BRIEF AS A DROPPED HEARTBEAT...A GHOSTLY SHAPE LOOMS AGAINST THE CLOUDS, GROWN TO TOWERING HEIGHT! THEN IT DIMS AND VANISHES!



Later...BY A QUIET STREAM...

SOMEHOW...I'M GLAD THE CASTLE'S GONE! A MAN WITH WISDOM IN HIS HEAD AND STRENGTH IN HIS ARMS CAN MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD! IT'S GOOD...JUST TO BE ALIVE!



The HORRIBLE TOYS

JANE moved across the creaking floor-boards of the dark old house, her pigtails quivering.

"Don't make so much noise, Jimmy!" she breathed.

"I'm not scared!" Jimmy flared, glowering at his sister. "There's a big pile of bottles in the cellar! Mr. Jenkins will pay us a penny apiece for soda pop bottles!"

"Mrs. Meek was a *witch*!" Jane complained bitterly. "She didn't die like people do. She comes back here and sits in the window! Freddy Wilson saw her!"

"Aw, don't be a scary cat!" Jimmy flung out. "Nobody lives here now!"

"Mrs. Meek does! Jimmy, I'm afraid of her!" Jane was big for her age, but now she felt very small. She shivered in dread alarm. "She comes back! She does!"

Jimmy started to reply; then froze.

"Jane, look! It's a rag doll! Right over there—by the wall!"

Jane let out a gasp. The doll sat in the shadows, with its back to the wall. It was covered with cobwebs. It had a funny grinning face, and it wore a calico dress. Sawdust was spilling out of it.

Then Jimmy saw the fire engine. All rusty it was, as though it had traveled to its last fire and was now ready for the junkpile.

The children didn't hesitate. They went down on their knees in the dust and picked the toys up, their eyes glowing.

"Golly, Jimmy, you couldn't buy a doll like this!" Jane enthused. "Look how its eyes shine! Like it was alive!"

"Jeepers!" Jimmy muttered. "I like old fire engines! This one's all smoked up an' everything!"

Jane let out another gasp. She was feeling the tug now. The doll was twisting, tugging at her, as though it wanted to go somewhere. It wasn't tugging with its arms. Oh, no. It was just a limp rag doll.

But Jane could feel the tug. It was like —holding a big magnet that tugged, pulled!

The fire engine was tugging too. At Jimmy!

The children followed the tugging. They didn't want to, really. But they were scared not to.

Throw the toys down, children—get rid of them! Please, children, hurry! Do you want to die? The witch comes back and sits in the window! If you don't want to meet her, *stay away from that closet!*

The closet's mouldy old door was a little ajar, as though it had a birthday-present surprise for Jimmy and Jane. The toys seemed to want to enter the closet, taking the children with them!

It was Jane who threw the door wide. She didn't want to, but she had to obey the doll.

"Jimmy, I'm scared! Jimmy, don't run! Oh, Jimmy!"

Mrs. Meek stood just inside the closet, with a sickly yellow light flooding down over her. Death hadn't changed Mrs. Meek much. She had been scrawny and hideous in life and she was hideous now. From her thin, shriveled face to her turned-in toes she was wrapped in cobwebs, which clung to her like a shroud!

In Mrs. Meek's hideous, shrunken face two eyes rolled a little, to fasten on the children. But as her withered skeleton-thin arms went out to make sure the children would not escape, the tugging stopped.

Jimmy hurled the fire engine straight at Mrs. Meek! There was an awful, splintering crash. Mrs. Meek fell back into the closet. Dust swirled up about her and she began to crumble.

But the children didn't wait to see the last of Mrs. Meek! They turned and ran screaming from the house and out into the warm, bright sunlight!

TRUE GHOSTS of HISTORY

The VENGEFUL SPECTER OF LORD TYRONE

LORD
TYRONE IS
DEAD OF THE
PLAQUE! LORD
TYRONE IS
DEAD!

OUR STORY OPENS IN DUBLIN TOWN ON
A DISMAL NIGHT IN THE LATE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY! A TOWN CRIER MAKES HIS
NIGHTLY ROUND...

IN THE WEALTHY HOME OF
SIR TRISTRAM BERESFORD...

YOUR LADYSHIP! THE
CRIER SAYS THAT LORD
TYRONE IS DEAD! YOU
KNEW HIM, DID YOU
NOT?

LORD
TYRONE
...DEAD?
OH, NO...
NO!

SHE... SHE'S
FAINTED! BUT
WHY? WHY?

MY DEAR... WHY SHOULD
THE DEATH OF A COM-
PARATIVE STRANGER
TERRIFY YOU?

LORD TYRONE
WAS NO STRANGER
TO ME! I... I
FEAR HIM,
EVEN IN
DEATH!

HE WAS A CRUEL, BRUTAL
MAN... AND BEFORE I
MET YOU, HE COURTED
ME! WHEN I REFUSED
HIM, HE THREATENED
A TERRIBLE REVENGE!
HE KNEW HE WAS
FATED TO DIE EARLY
... AND WARNED
HE'D COME BACK
TO HAUNT ME!

M'S LADY BERESFORD RETIRES, A
STRANGE CHILL SWEEPS THE ROOM,
THEN... THE GHOST OF LORD TYRONE!

I WARNED YOU THAT I WOULD
RETURN, MY DEAR! GIVE
ME YOUR HAND!

NO
...NO!
DON'T
TOUCH ME!
YOU'RE...
D-DEAD!

"AS THE COLD HAND OF THE GHOST
TOUCHES THE WARM, BEAUTIFUL
HAND OF THE LIVING WOMAN..."

MY HAND... SHRIVELING
... AHHH!

I GO... BUT MY
REVENGE IS NOT
YET COMPLETE!
TWICE MORE SHALL
YOU TREMBLE
BEFORE ME!

SPECTRAL VENGEANCE... A WITHERED HAND!
LADY BERESFORD CONCEALED HER GHASTLY
DEFORMITY WITH A BLACK SCARF, AND,
DREAD IN HER HEART, WAITED FOR THE
GHOST TO STRIKE AGAIN! TEN YEARS
LATER... HE CAME!

I HAVE LITTLE TIME
... MY GRAVE AWAITS
ME! SPEAK... DOES MY
PRESENCE GIVE YOU
PLEASURE?

LORD TYRONE!
I WOULD SOONER
LOOK UPON THE
FACE OF A HANGED
MURDERER WITH
HIS CRIMES
BLACK
UPON
HIM!

YOU FOOL
... YOU DARE
OFFEND THE DEAD? THEN I TOUCH
YOUR FACE... AND IT CEASES TO
BE BEAUTIFUL! FOR TEN YEARS
YOU WILL TURN TO THE WORLD
THE FACE OF A WITHERED OLD
WOMAN! THEN, ON YOUR FORTY-
SEVENTH BIRTHDAY... YOU WILL
DIE!

UNDAUNTED, THE STRICK-
EN WOMAN CARRIED ON...
AS IF DARING THE GHOST
TO DO ITS WORST! ON HER
FORTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY...

YOU SEE, DR. HERWOOD, WE
ARE STILL A HAPPY FAMILY!
I AM FORTY-SIX, AND LOOK
EIGHTY! BUT MY HUSBAND
SEES ME WITH THE EYES
OF YOUTH!

DEAR MADAME, I WAS PRESENT
AT YOUR CHRISTENING! WHEN
YOUR BIRTH DATE WAS ENTERED
IN THE VILLAGE REGISTRY... A
MISTAKE WAS MADE! YOU'RE
FORTY-SEVEN! I... I
THOUGHT YOU KNEW!

FORTY-
SEVEN!
YOU'VE
SIGNED MY
DEATH
WARRANT!

WHEN THE TERRIFIED WOMAN
REACHES HER BEDROOM...

DID YOU THINK YOU
COULD ESCAPE ME,
MY DEAR?

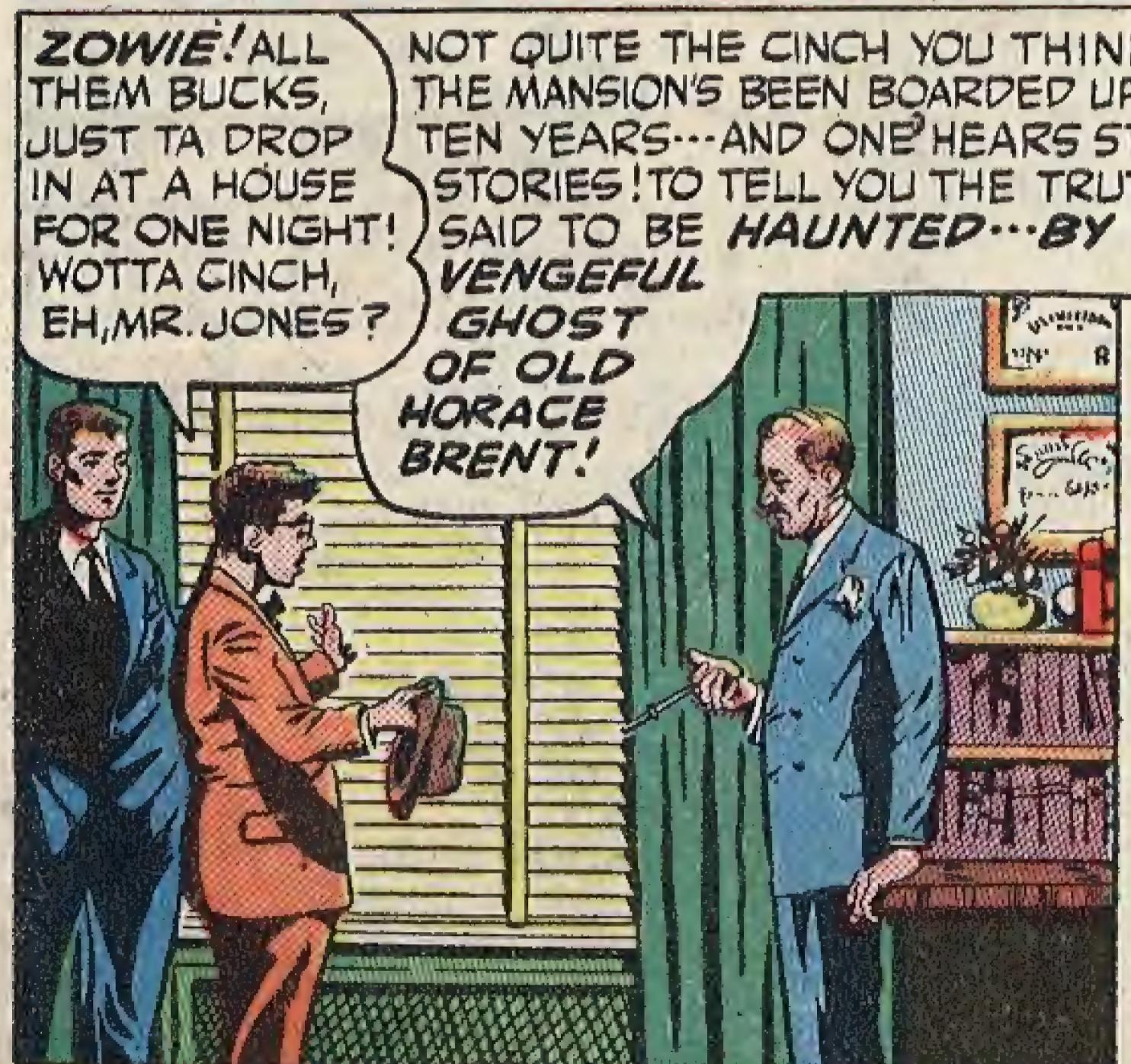
YOU!

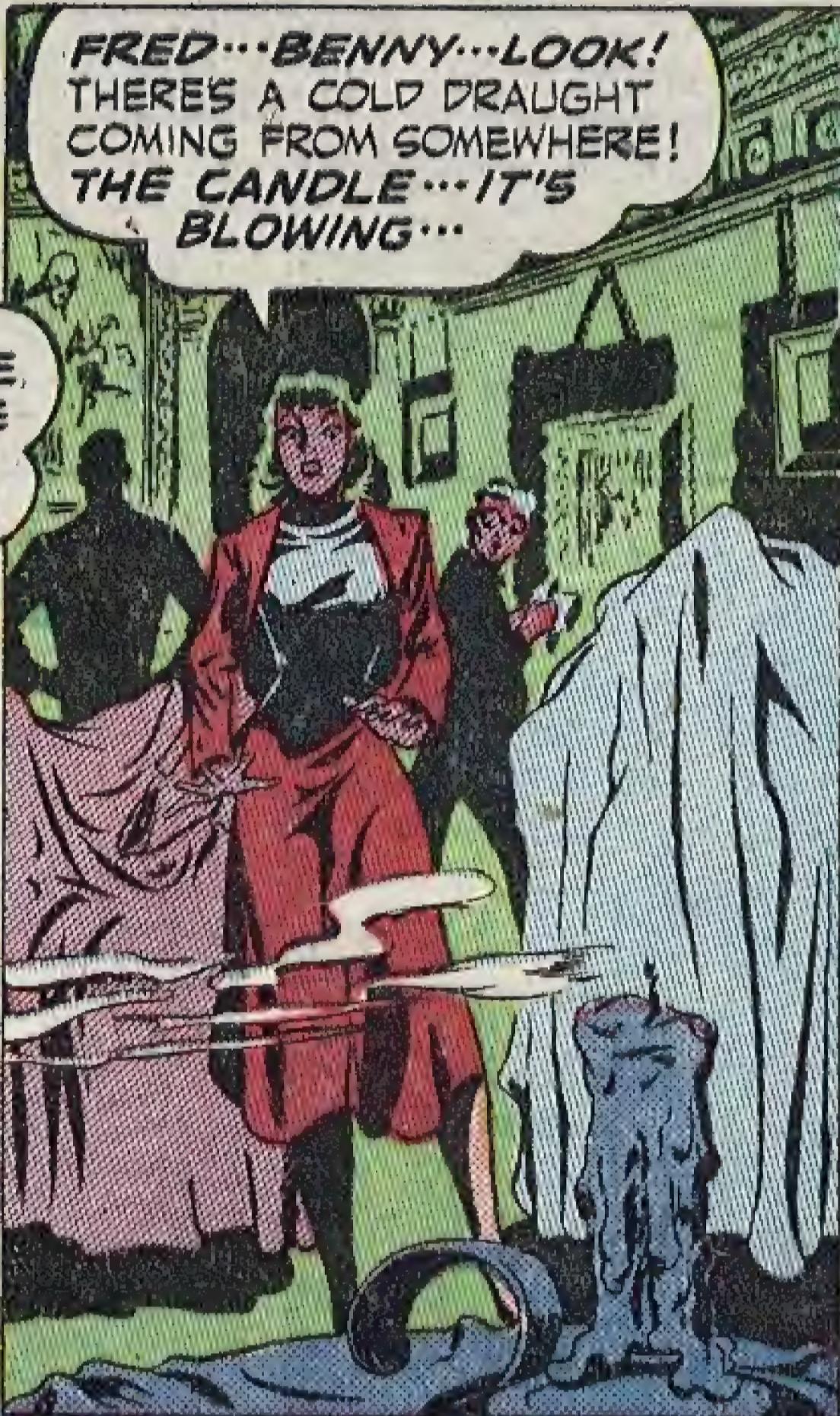
MOMENTS
LATER... AN AWFUL DISCOVERY! WITHERED
LIKE A LONG-DEAD MUMMY...

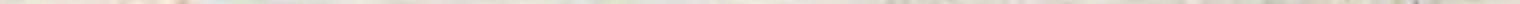
OH!
AT LEAST... SHE HAS FOUND PEACE!
AS SURELY AS THERE IS JUSTICE
BEYOND THE GRAVE... THAT
EVIL MAN'S GHOST WILL
FOREVER WALK THE
NIGHT, TORMENTED
BY ITS CRIMES!

MANY DOCUMENTS BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH
OF THIS TERRIFYING STORY! IT IS BASED ON EYE-WITNESS
ACCOUNTS, AND WAS USED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT AS THE
THEME OF A ROMANCE! ANOTHER CHILLING TRUE GHOST
STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE---DON'T MISS IT!

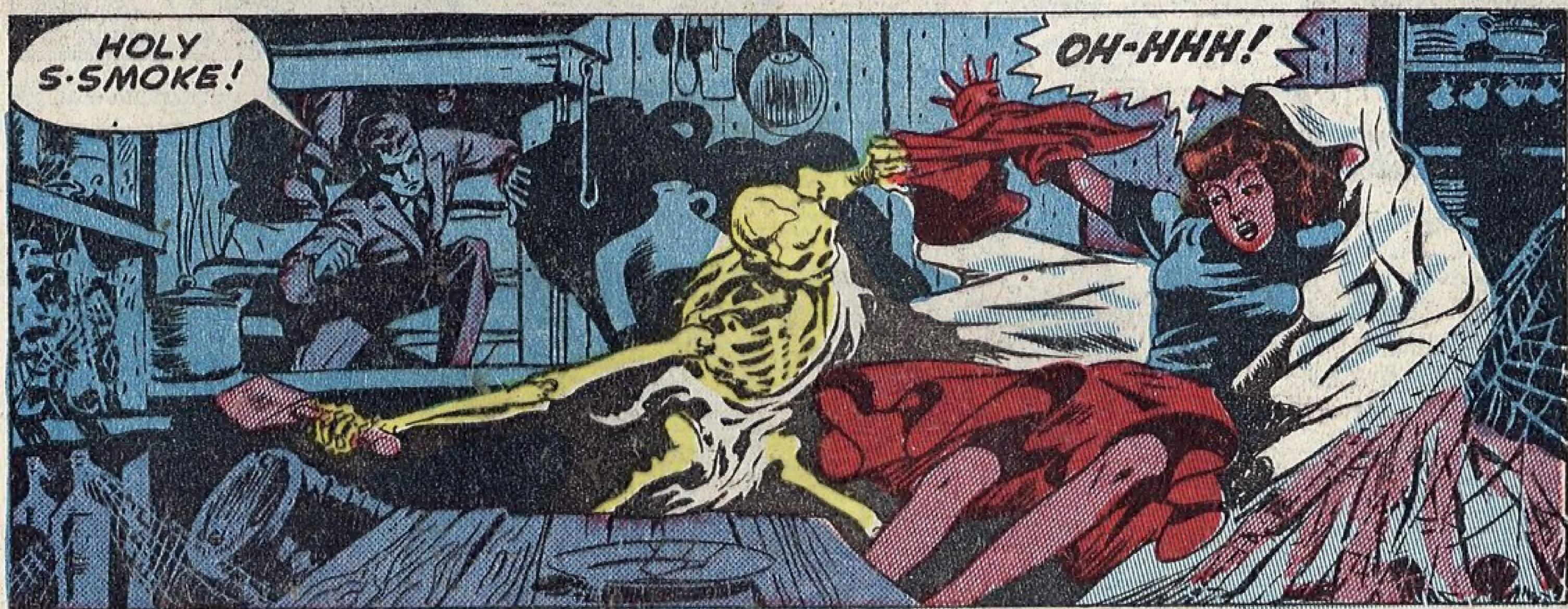
HAUNTED HOUSE

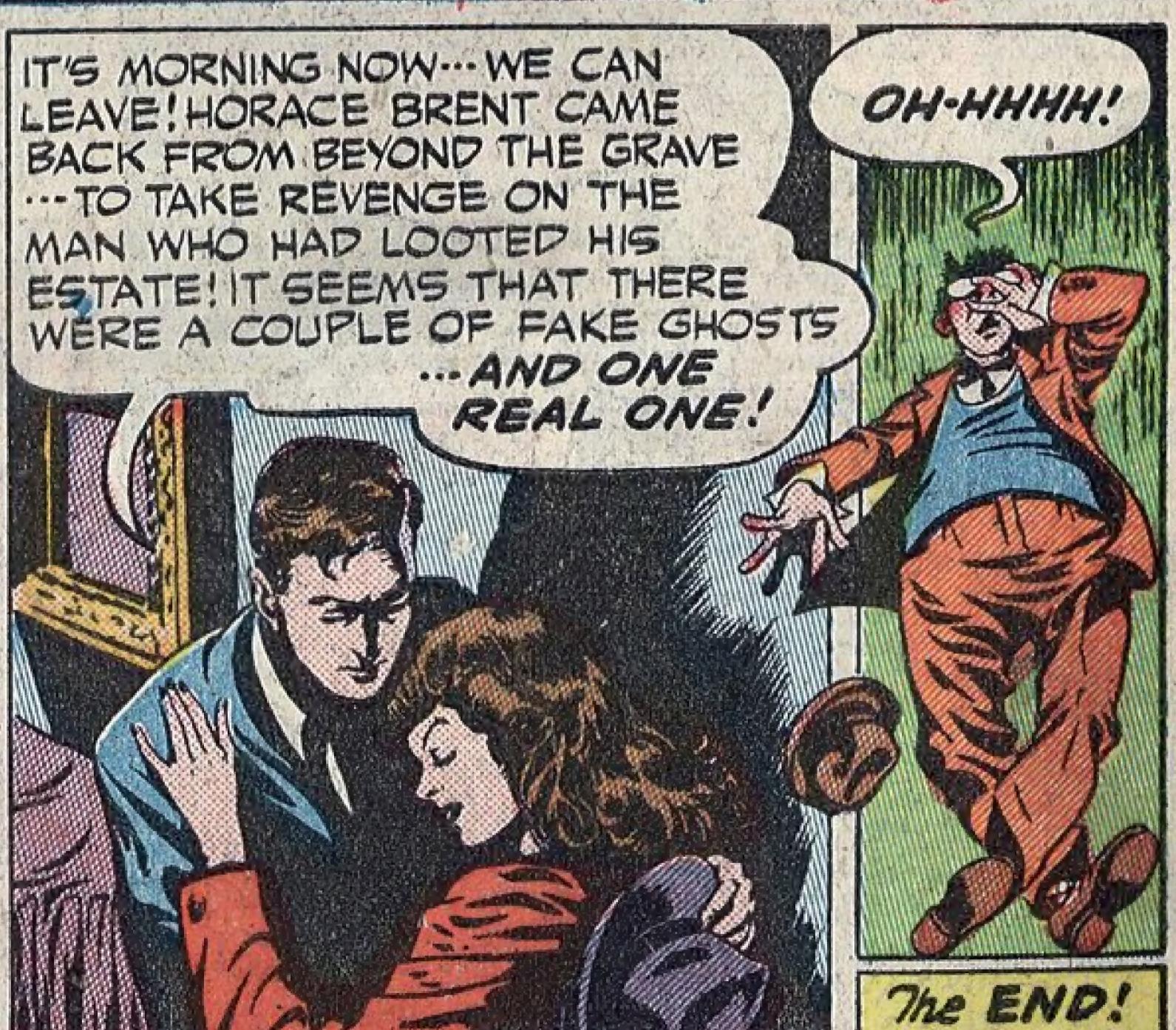
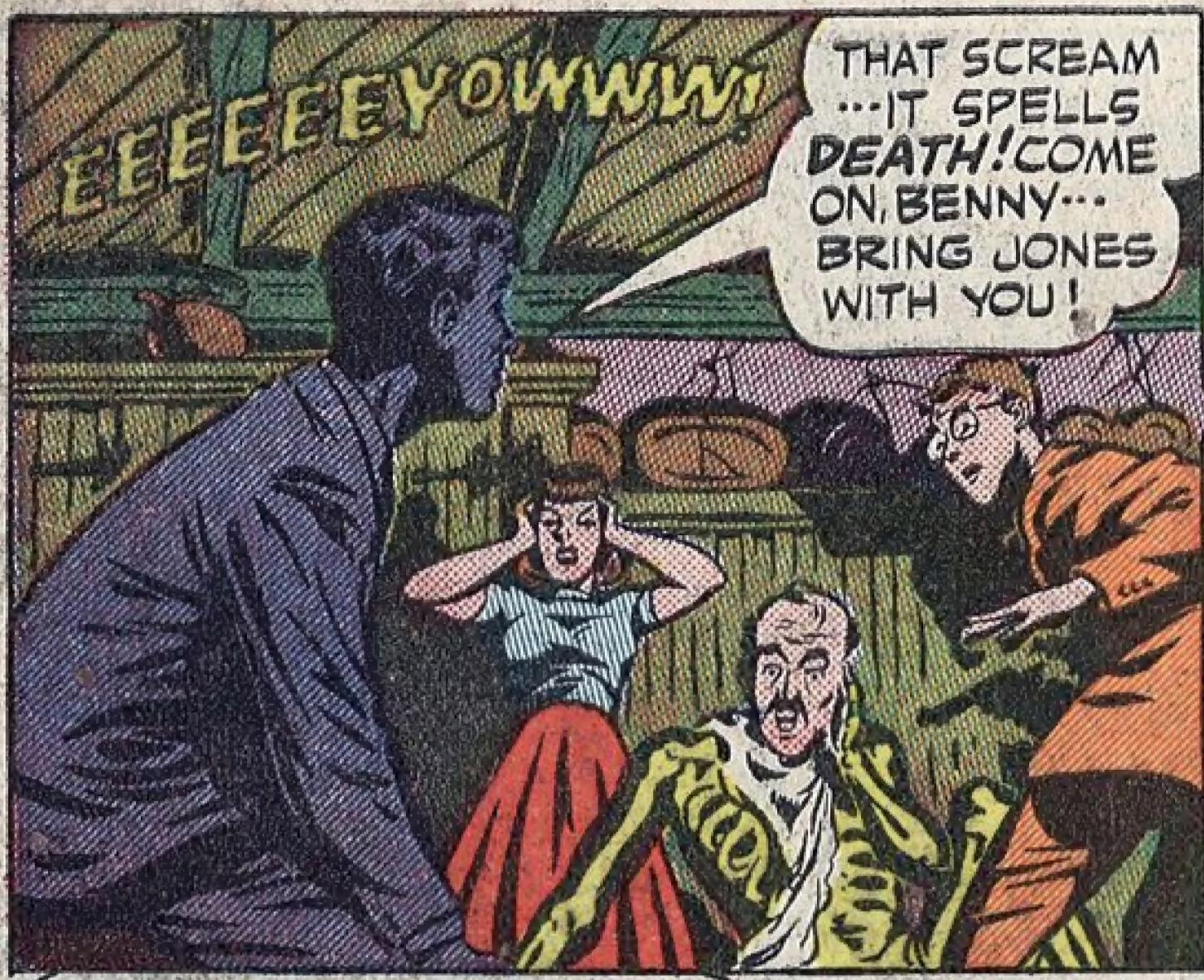












The END!

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

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